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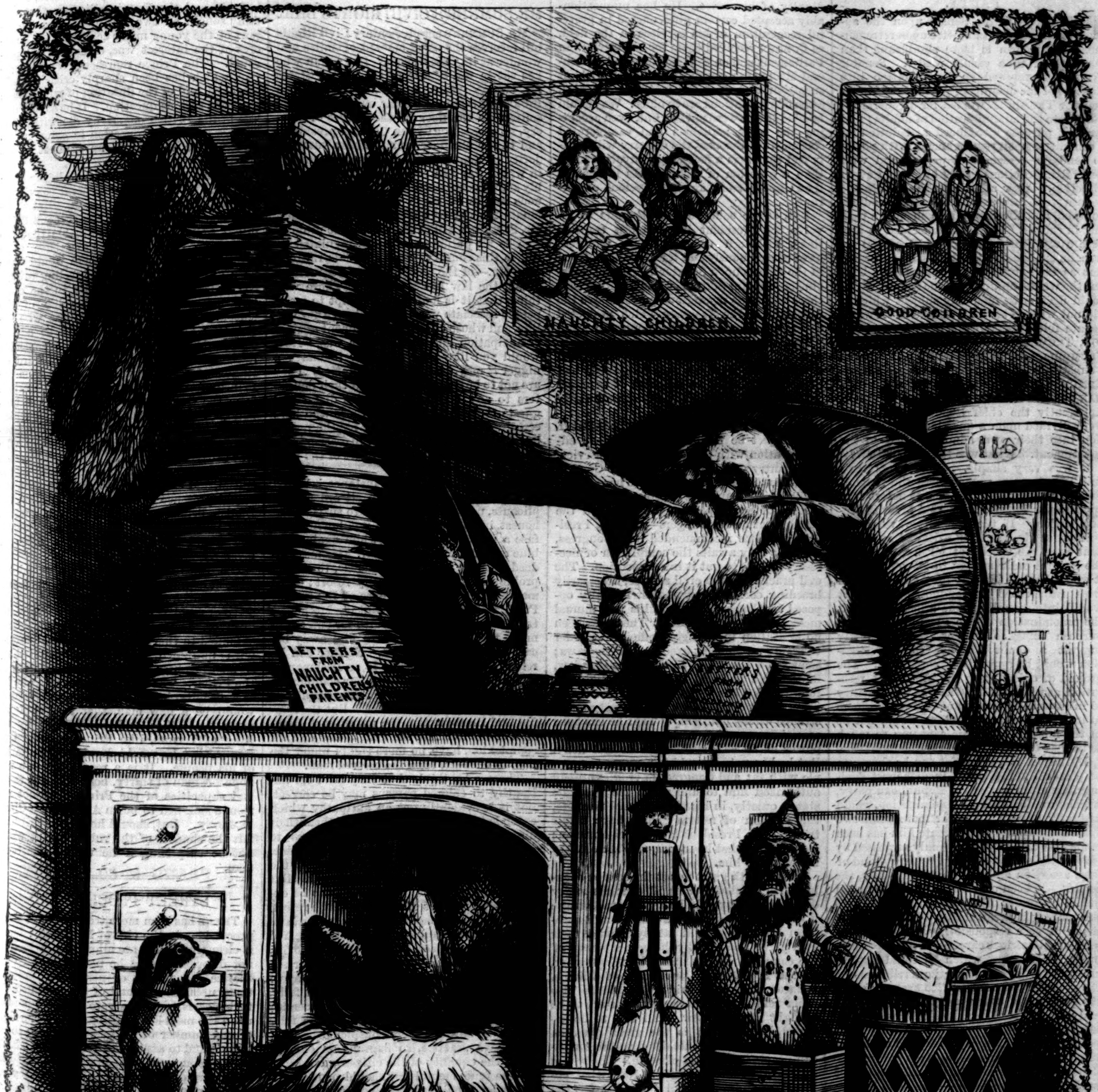
NAUGHTY CHILDREN
GOOD CHILDREN
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 30, 1871.

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARTY.

THE debate in the Senate upon the appointment of a committee upon retrenchment and reform is more significant than may appear to a casual reader. Senator Conkling proposed an investigation into the case of the defaulting paymaster Hodge. Senator Trumbull wished for a general inquiry into the administration of affairs; and for that purpose introduced a resolution for a committee upon retrenchment, with power to send for persons and papers, and with general instructions to investigate in every direction. After a little public debate the Senate went into executive session and adjourned, and the Republican members then met in caucus. Here it was decided to propose a resolution for a committee upon retrenchment, which should consider such matters as the Senate might refer to it. This left the whole inquiry with the Senate, which could decline to refer any subject which it did not wish to have investigated. A warm debate followed. Messrs. Schurz, Patterson, Trumbull, and Wilson favored Mr. Trumbull's proposition, which he offered as a substitute for the caucus motion. Messrs. Edmunds, Conkling, Morton, and Sherman opposed it. It was a curious spectacle. Apparently the chief Republican Senators were divided upon a question of investigation into their own administration of the government. What was the explanation?

It was very simple. Senators Schurz and Trumbull are opposed to the renomination of the President. The Senators who opposed the Trumbull motion favor the renomination. If the committee were appointed as Mr. Trumbull desired, it is evident from the speech of Mr. Schurz upon the general order system in New York that it would hope to identify the Administration with frauds and misconduct. Its report would intentionally strike a heavy blow at the renomination of the President, and the purpose being so evident, it might justly suggest a doubt whether the investigation would be impartially conducted. The ground of objection to the Trumbull resolution, as we understand it, was not hostility to full and fair inquiry, but an unwillingness to institute an inquiry which would not be in the interest of public economy so much as in that of the defeat of the renomination.

If, indeed, the President can be shown to be personally implicated in dishonest dealings, the sentiment of the Republican party, which now demands his renomination, would instantly change. But for more than two years the attempt to implicate him has been made with a steady ferocity only surpassed by its futility. In every way, by every kind of false assertion and malignant innuendo, the assault has been urged upon the private and public character of a man whose service to the country is incalculable. Called to a position of vast responsibility, for which his previous illustrious career had not especially prepared him, but which he could not decline; involved at once in the terrible net of the abuse of the civil service system, which the practice of every party for forty years had meshed about the President; with nothing but his honest purpose and his proved patriotism and sagacity to depend upon; saluted in his first sincere efforts at political independence by the sneering amazement of many of his own party—President Grant, with all the mistakes and misfortunes which have marked his administration—as they must, of necessity, mark every administration—is stronger in the public confidence in the third year of that administration than any previous President, and is the undoubted choice of the vast majority of that party for the next four years.

He is a plain man; peculiarly a man of the people in the American sense—simple in his manners and habits and tastes. He is not a scholar like John Quincy Adams, nor a courtier like Martin Van Buren, nor a natural diplomatist like Abraham Lincoln. He speaks to the point, and makes his opinions and sympathies evident. His personal attachments are very strong, and his fidelity to his friends so constant that he is slow to suspect evil. But so steady and malignant has been the misrepresentation of him and his administration in a thousand petty personal details—smoking, driving, traveling, associates, property—that his real character and position are obscured to many good men in the country by a thick cloud of slander.

He is called a member of the Seneca Stone Ring, because he does not sell stock which he bought before he became President, and which he holds as every Senator or other high public officer holds his private property. It is a property largely held in Washington, and the quarry is near the city; consequently it is much used there; and as certain active proprietors push it as all such interests are pushed, the President, because he does not sell his stock, is accused of corrupt complicity. He is called mercenary and mean, although he spends all his salary and his small private income in maintaining the proper dignity of his office. He has unquestionably accepted certain gifts, offered in grateful recognition of his services in the field, as Cobden received them for his services in Parliament and on the platform, and as General M'Clellan received his house, without suspicion cast upon his motives. So, also, some of his relations are in office. We should be glad if this were not so; but, even accepting the most malicious and exaggerated statement of the case, the country will hardly feel that it is a fact which involves more than a question of taste, unless it appears that those persons are incompetent or corrupt.

But, as we said, all the attempts to involve the President in dishonest transactions, although unscrupulously renewed, have conspicuously and totally failed. Even in the debate upon Senator Trumbull's resolution, Senator Schurz, while insisting that there was some mysterious power above the Secretary of the Treasury which protected the general order system, honorably said, "There had not been sufficient evidence to connect any one at the White House with this business, although such allegations had been made." If it be the wish of Senators Trumbull and Schurz to investigate fairly the honesty and economy of the public service, all good citizens are with them. But if their object be to identify Republican administration with dishonesty in the service, the country will hardly forget that General Grant is the only President who has strenuously insisted upon a reform of the whole system of party patronage—to which the Senators are not strangers—the only President who has recommended it to Congress, and who only awaits the completion of necessary details to put it into execution. The evil practice of the civil service, necessarily breeding corruption, was first formally opposed by General Grant in his first annual message, in which he said, "There has been no hesitation in changing officials in order to secure an efficient execution of the laws; sometimes, too, when, in a mere party view, undesirable political results were likely to follow. Nor has there been any hesitation in retaining efficient officials against remonstrance wholly political." That he has been sometimes overborne by the tremendous power of an evil system we do not deny. But he has not relaxed his purpose to grapple with it; and Congress having expressly authorized him to undertake the work, he states, quietly, in his third annual message, that a plan of reform "shall have a fair trial." The President is not a rhetorician; but he says what he means, and the country understands him.

We see with great regret the session opening with a debate which ill conceals angry differences. It would be a grave misfortune if in their zeal to strike a President, Republican Senators should fatally wound their own party, and thereby the best interests of the country. In his speech last September, in the Republican Convention of Illinois, Senator Trumbull said: "There are also other reforms in government that are to be brought about. How is all this to be accomplished? That is the great question that is going to be submitted to the American people in the next election. The war is over—that contest is done. Now what political organization will be safest for the American people? Hereafter where shall we look? Shall we look to that party which brought the government to civil war to preserve the Union? Will you look to that party which ruined the credit of the nation so that it could not borrow at less than from 12 to 30 per cent. per annum—to that party which inaugurated the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils—to that party which now desires further to depreciate the currency of the country by issuing millions and millions more of it? If it is believed by the American people, no matter to what party they belong, Republican or Democrat, that the government of the country will be safest in the hands of these men; if you believe that the men many of whom sought to destroy the government will be more likely to preserve it than those who fought for its existence; if you believe that the men who ruined its trade will be more likely to improve it than they who, when it was ruined, have already re-established it to a great extent; if you look for reforms to them, then it is the duty of the voter to go to the polls and vote with the Democratic party."

That party to be defeated only by the Republican party, and defeated by the conviction, which is justly founded, that the Republican party is truly the party of reform, of liberty, and of progress. While, therefore, we all heartily agree that iniquity shall be exposed, let us hope that it will be done honorably, so that the Republican party shall not be made responsible for evils which it has neither fostered nor approved, but to the removal of which its Administration is pledged.

MR. SUMNER'S CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

Mr. Sumner's supplementary Civil Rights bill receives the usual amount of smiles and wonder at its "fanaticism." But a man who has sat in the Senate of the United States for twenty years, and who, having seen Breckinridge in the chair, and having been smitten to the floor by the bullies of slavery, now sees Schuyler Colfax presiding, and in the chamber around him a vast majority of Republican Senators of a country in which war has abolished slavery, probably smiles compassionately at the contemptuous smiles of those who think principle fanaticism, and consistency impracticability. Mr. Sumner's bill contemplates the prohibition to all public institutions regulated by law in this country—such as hotels, railroad cars, etc.—of the recognition of distinctions which the law has abolished. Those who think that it is foolish to attempt to make people associate with those whom they dislike, and whose conclusive argument against emancipation and equal rights was, "How would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" may, however, be comforted. They are not to be compelled to marry their daughters to any body, nor to invite distasteful guests to their tables. But those who hold certain grants under the law for the public benefit are not to be suffered to discriminate arbitrarily against a certain part of the public.

The keeper of a hotel, for instance, is bound to furnish entertainment to all orderly applicants, unless he has reason to suspect dishonest intention. He can not lawfully refuse a guest because of a whim against his blue eyes or his straight hair. He may, indeed, keep a temperance house, to which prohibitionists will naturally resort; or he may announce his preference of Baptists or Presbyterians as guests. But if a Methodist traveler applies in good faith for entertainment, the host can not turn him away because he is not a Baptist. Neither can he refuse a guest because he is an Irishman or a German, because he is of a fair complexion or of a dark, if there be nothing suspicious in his appearance or conduct. But the Baptist and Presbyterian, the naturalized Irishman or the German, the man of fair or dark complexion, have no more rights under the law, as citizens, than the colored man.

Those who think that they have an antipathy to colored persons may be correct, but it is evidently not an antipathy which extends to the waiter who brings them their dinner. And there are many persons to whom the Irish citizen is not agreeable. And to the warm sectarian of any kind the Jew or the atheist is very repugnant. But we do not therefore permit them to be excluded from places of common public resort. If we did so, we should nullify our own laws and insult their spirit. Suppose that we had in all public places, in churches or in halls, a coop in a corner for the Portuguese or the West Indian foreigner who might stray to our shores? It would be a barbarous folly. And if it were the native citizen descended from Portugal or the West Indies, the folly would be only the more conspicuous. If it became a practice, so flagrant an outrage upon the equality of the citizen guaranteed by the fundamental law should be prohibited under penalties in the common interest. For the equality that we assert by law, the law must protect.

That is what Mr. Sumner's bill proposes. It forbids distinctions founded upon a system of caste which the law has abolished. It prohibits, within its sphere, making an American citizen a pariah because of his color. It aims to lift from the colored race as much as possible of the consequences of the curse which civilization has imposed upon it. If we meant to keep the people of that race an outcast class, we had no right to make them equal citizens. But having made them so, we can not keep them outcasts without infinite harm to ourselves. However, we need have no fear of appalling results. The colored citizens are not obtrusive. They are not disposed to go where they are not wanted. But what man of honor does not burn with indignation to see a polite and quiet colored passenger refused a place in a car or a steamboat from which a drunken and disgusting white traveler is not expelled? The fundamental principle of this republic is that every citizen shall be equal before the law. And whoever smiles at Mr. Sumner's bill smiles at the American principle.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The bulletins of the condition of the Prince of Wales are, as we write, more favorable, and there seems to be an expectation of his recovery. It has certainly been a curious spectacle—the profound interest of one great nation, and the reflected interest of another, in the health of a young man who has never been known to say or to do any thing worthy of admiration. The whole world has been admitted, as it were, to his bedside, and the first intelligence that was daily sought on two continents was the report of the young man's condition. The secret of the interest was, of course, not personal. The Prince represents a great system, which has been sharply criticised and attacked, and of the duration of which there has been serious question. If he should die, would the British monarchy die with him? That was the real question in many minds which gave so painful an interest to his condition.

Nothing could show more plainly than this kind of interest the general conviction that the monarchy is not secure. But whatever the final results of the Prince's death might have been, it is probable that the immediate effect would have been more healing than harmful. There would have been probably a reaction of feeling toward the stricken woman who sits in the cruel isolation of a throne. The life of the Queen, if unsatisfactory to those who insist that the sovereign should be a continual pageant, has doubtless commended itself to the general trust and regard of Englishmen. Even the alienation from the Prince of Wales is supposed to have arisen from the Queen's impression that her husband, Prince Albert, took the cold which led to his death upon a visit of remonstrance to the young Prince of Wales, who was at the time especially wild. The sense of the fidelity and simple domesticity of the Queen, and the purity of her court, with the bright presence of her daughter-in-law, the Danish Princess, would have been revived in the British heart by the Prince's death, and would have glowed into a flame of loyalty.

His death also would have removed one who, at a time when the monarchy is assailed, seems as a most unsatisfactory representative of royalty, to bring it into still greater disfavor. The reaction of feeling would have extended to this point also; and the future, with unknown possibilities, would have seemed brighter than with the certainty of the Prince. The London *Times*, when he lay in extremity, hoped that if he recovered he would be a new man, that he would put away the follies, and, admonished by the King of Terrors, like Prince Hal by Gascoigne, that he would develop into a father of his people. It is a rosy but not a real hope. A man of thirty, born with the tastes and capacities of the Prince, does not rise from a sick-bed to be an Alfred or a Charlemagne. But, should he rise, he will have felt the shadow of the valley, and it would not be surprising if he were a chastened man.

STREET PROCESSIONS.

There has been more trouble about street processions in the city of New York; but it is clear that if any are allowed, all which are not disorderly must be permitted. To authorize any person or persons to prohibit them upon the ground of apprehended disturbance, is to give a veto to those persons upon the most lawful assemblies. The right of any number of citizens peacefully to assemble and to express their opinions, whether in a room or in an open place, and whether stationary or in motion, so long as they are not disorderly, and the people are willing to submit to the inconvenience, can not be questioned. And especially when, as in last July, such assemblies are forbidden under stress of a threat to attack them from those who differ, it is the highest duty of the authorities to defend them to the last, and in so doing to protect the American principle of free assembly and free speech.

Therefore, so long as there is danger of such assemblies or processions being forcibly disturbed, they ought not to be prevented. But when it becomes a mere question of the general pleasure and convenience, it is fair to consider whether the custom might not wisely be changed. No body of citizens ought selfishly to ask to occupy the city for their own pleasure; and while there could be no objection to permitting it occasionally, there could be no proper discrimination among all who would wish to parade, and the city must, therefore, be surrendered to any society that wished to promenade. But to contend that processions might be forbidden because foreigners should not bring to America their old national feelings, is idle. There is no Italian, however long an American, but will thrill at the name of Rome; no Frenchman whose imagination will not kindle with the Marseillaise and the tricolor; no Irishman who will not gayly smile to see the shamrock and the harp of Erin on a green flag. That they should import and revive the quarrels of their native countries, however to be regretted, is yet to be expected. Time alone, and some generations, will cool that heat in the blood. All that we can ask is that they shall keep the public peace, whether marching or looking on, and upon that we must insist without equivocation.

It probably surprised many persons that there should have been any expectation of trouble from the parade of those who sympathized with **Rossel**—whose execution was certainly one of those blunders which are also crimes. But it will be remembered that the Communists murdered the Archbishop of Paris, and it was probably supposed that this remembrance might breed an ill feeling upon the part of the adherents of his Church, which might end in trouble. If this were indeed the reason of the original prohibition of the procession, it would appear that those who were supposed to threaten the disturbance now were the same who threatened it last summer, and that in both cases it was a threat based upon religious considerations. Last summer it was a threat of Irish Roman Catholics against Irish Protestants, and this winter a threat of Roman Catholics, or a fear of their purpose, against those whom they would probably suppose to sympathize with the murder of a prelate.

If this were the fact, it is certainly a very significant one. It would be practically the betrayal twice in one year of a fundamental right of American citizens or residents to the fear of a religious mob. But is it to be understood that there shall be no parades except such as are approved by the unruly class of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens? And how long, if they are to control processions in the streets, will it be before they control meetings in halls? It is a subject which ought not to be glozed over or lost from view; and we trust that the Legislature will be so instructed by the events of July and of December that it will take due measures to secure the equal rights of all citizens by providing officers who will enforce the laws to protect them.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

The bill reported to the House of Representatives by Mr. **George F. Hoar**, from the Committee on Education and Labor, is one of the most important ever offered in Congress. It proposes a commission of three persons, to be appointed by the President, and to serve for two years, unless their duties are sooner accomplished. The commission is to investigate the whole subject of wages and hours of labor, the division of the joint profits of labor and capital, the general condition of the laboring classes in the United States, and the effect upon them of existing laws, of commerce, finance, and currency. It is one of the oldest and most vital of questions. It has convulsed countries and overthrown nations. It is one which the progress of civilization forces upon consideration, and upon the wise treatment of which the welfare of the future depends.

The test of American statesmanship should be its ability to deal with this subject. The characteristic of our government is that it professes to be founded upon the consent of the people, and now, for the first time in history, it is appearing who the people are. It is in a certain sense not the fault of other epochs that they could never understand what the people were. The theory that the world was made for a few, and that the many existed for their convenience, was only disturbed by the solitary protest of some thinker, whose voice was like the voice of one crying in the stillness of the night in the wilderness. The French revolution, therefore, was doubtless the most bewildering of surprises, as well as the most terrible of tragedies, to those upon whom it burst, and it served by its tremendous course only to deepen in the minds of the elect few the conviction that the many, the multitude, the people, were a kind of formidable and malign power only to be controlled by the most constant and stringent force.

The history of Europe is one of the immense advantages which is furnished to America. Every European nation is entangled in so fast a net of traditions and ignorance and superstitions, and is so closely circumscribed in territory, that the threatening pressure to reform makes it almost impossible to reform wisely. The governments, therefore, unwilling or unable to understand, answer arguments with shot, and protests with shell. Yet, as no one who reads carefully the story of France before the old revolution denies the inevitability of the struggle, or hesitates to throw the responsibility for it upon those who were content to be simply selfish, and to be ignorant of the people or to despise them, so no one who studies the European situation now will suppose that it can be relieved by force, although force may upon both sides bitterly exasperate it. There are those who, like **Macaulay**, seem to suppose that America is merely to repeat Europe: that we shall flourish in peace until population presses, and that then we too shall resort to force to keep order.

But the principle of our government is the popular will, and its declared purpose the establishment of justice and the promotion of the common welfare. The duty of American statesmanship is to justify the principle and accomplish the purpose. It is to reflect that the welfare of the great mass of the people is the chief interest of the country. It is further to reflect that the financial and industrial methods and systems of Europe have not secured that interest, but have disregarded it, and that merely to reproduce them in this country is to follow stupidly a blind leader into an open pit. The great fact—which no close observer of the European situation longer doubts—is, that the general intelligence of the race has so far advanced that they who possess the force which must finally determine a conflict know that they possess it. **Rossel**, who quietly and bravely dies by what are called republican bullets, is neither a brute, nor a malefactor, nor a wild enthusiast. He feels, even if he does not fully comprehend, his cause. He knows that it is what the old Continental Congress called our Revolution—"the cause of human nature."

Mr. **Hoar**'s bill is a proposition that America shall avoid the fate of Europe by establishing justice. It proposes that the questions which interest the great body of the American people shall not be dismissed as ignorant agitation or Utopian extravagance. It proposes to be dissatisfied with phrases about supply and demand and the laws of political economy, knowing that there must be something wrong in laws which leave the mass of men poor, ignorant, and dissatisfied. The bill does not assert nor imply that they are so here, but it would inquire how to prevent their becoming so. When there are universal suffrage and universal content together, there will be no trouble. But when a great majority are discontented, and can make their discontent law, and can by superior might enforce the law, there will be a serious situation. The importance of the subject is not to be exaggerated. So great an opportunity was never offered to humane and sagacious statesmanship; and we hope sincerely that Congress will fully appreciate and improve it.

PERSONAL.

The cockneys of New York must not suppose that the only things that could interest a grand duke were balls, dinners, excursions, etc., which to him have been from childhood alike a daily business and a daily bore. Among the things that were new to him was his visit to the Bridgeport, Connecticut, cartridge factory, in company with Governor **Jewell**. Pointing to several of the workmen, he asked the Governor, "Are these men what you call the common people?" The Governor replied that they were a fair specimen of the working classes in this country. "But do you mean to say that these get into official position?" further asked the imperial scion. "Perhaps not any of these men," rejoined Governor **Jewell**; "but men of their class do; they are educated men, most of them—that is, they can all probably read and write, and most of them take and read the newspapers." "Do you know of any cases where such men have actually been elected to office?" again queried the curious **Alexis**. "Oh, certainly," the Governor said: "I myself worked in the shop as a tanner till I was twenty years of age;" and the announcement seemed to puzzle the Duke a good deal. Here was the Governor of a State, as well dressed and as well appearing as himself, who had actually worked in a shop, and this man was welcoming him in behalf of a hundred thousand voters. It was more of an enigma than the boy had ciphered on previously; but as he goes through the country he will ascertain, upon inquiring, that very many of the public men here have come direct from the workshop. In Massachusetts, where he was lately visiting, Governor **Claflin** was a shoemaker, Senator **Wilson** was a cobbler also, and General **Banks** was a machinist.

—"The Living Female Writers of the South" is the title of a volume recently published in Philadelphia, in which are given sketches of 183 ladies who have contributed creditably to the literature of the country. The book is dedicated to **John R. Thompson**, of Virginia (now on the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*); **James Wood Davidson**, of South Carolina; **W. G. M'Ado**, of Georgia; and **Charles Dimitry**, of Louisiana—gentlemen who have done much, some of them at least, in encouraging the rising talent of the South, and in so placing their productions before the world as to insure them the just fame to which they are entitled.

—**Aaron A. Sargent**, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from California, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1827, and served an apprenticeship as a printer. In 1849 he emigrated to California, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1861 he was elected a member of Congress, and served as a member of the Select Committee on the Pacific Railroad, to which enterprise he was particularly devoted. He is a member of the present Congress, having beaten **Coffroth**, Democrat, by 3140 votes. His term in the Senate will commence on the 4th of March, 1873.

—Ex-Senator **Williams**, of Oregon, who succeeds Mr. **Akerman** as Attorney-General, is in the very prime of life, being not yet fifty-two. He is a native of Columbia County, in this State. He was a judge in Iowa from 1847 to 1852. In 1853 he was made Chief Justice of Oregon, and in 1865 elected to the United States Senate. A man of fine abilities and sound judgment.

—The oldest member of the United States Senate, **Simon Cameron**, is a printer. There are only four Senators under forty: **Ames**, of Mississippi; **Clayton**, of Arkansas; **Osborn**, of Florida; and **Spencer**, of Alabama. There are five colored members of the House of Representatives: **De Large**, **Rainey**, and **Elliott**, of South Carolina; **Turner**, of Alabama; and **Walls**, of Florida.

—General **Noyes**, who enters on his term of office as Governor on the 1st proximo, is not an old man for Governor, being only forty-five, with hair and beard as black as printer's ink. Although a lawyer of some distinction, he is probably indebted for his political success to the fact that he served gallantly in the late war, coming out of it with several laurels and one leg. His present slogan is, "**Grant** and the Constitution! **Colfax** (or somebody) and low taxes!"

—As age is adding rapidly to the infirmities of the present pope, speculation increases as to who is most likely to be his successor. The latest news is to the effect that the Cardinal Archbishop of Palermo is now the dignitary most likely to be agreed upon by the Sacred College.

—Colonel **John Hay**, with his lecture on **Lincoln**, seems to have become one of the most popular platform men of the season. He had an audience so large a few evenings since at Buffalo that the stage even had to be invaded to make room for his listeners. Our contemporary of the Buffalo *Courier* says it was an admirable performance, delivered in a clear and resonant voice, and with considerable oratorical effect, and that "the marks of the pleasure given the audience were not to be mistaken."

—Dr. **Oliver Dean**, of Franklin, Massachusetts, has enrolled himself with the **Peabodys**, **Girards**, **Vassars**, **Smithsons**, and other public benefactors by bequeathing $100,000 to the Dean Academy, which he founded, and on which during his life he had bestowed about $300,000. He also left $100,000 to Tuffts College, to which he had previously been a liberal contributor. He was president and superintendent of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in Manchester, New Hampshire, and a man held in high esteem.

—The Grand Duke, while in Montreal, had the good fortune to be quartered at St. Lawrence Hall. The proprietor of that establishment, Mr. **Henry Hogan**, is one of the few gentlemen at the head of such establishments who deem it their first duty to make their guests as thoroughly comfortable and at home as if in their own houses, and we doubt not that the Grand Duke during his stay there realized in his own person the truth of **Shenstone**'s lines:

> "Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

Old **Samuel Johnson** said, "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn;" and Archbishop **Leighton** used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it would be an inn. "There were **Hogans** in those days."

—There are people who profess to regard Senator **Sumner** as a sort of Boston man in literature and politics, rather than as a practical statesman for the times. But his plan for a return to specie payments is certain to arrest the attention of the country, and will probably command the support of most men who are out of debt, who pay taxes, and who are anxiously looking forward to something solid and settled about the finances. In introducing his bill Mr. **Sumner** says: "I am not insensible to the credit obtained by a swift payment of the national debt, but this is superficial only. It does not enable us to refund our debt without extraordinary and abnormal effort. Let there be specie payments, and the debt will refund itself. The payment of the national debt is a feather in our cap; specie payments will be a fountain; and between these two measures there is just the difference between a feather and a fountain. Instead, therefore, of taxing the people for the sake of this feather, I would reduce taxes, and apply the irresistible energies of the government to make paper equal to coin."

—**Du Chaillu**'s last book is always his best book, because the older he grows the richer and sounder and nuttier he grows, and each past experience among the queer people whom he is always going to see in the out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the world gives him a finer flavor. Probably there are a hundred thousand boys and girls in this well-spread-out country of ours who within the next twenty days will be able to tell you all about the dwarfs, of whom **Du Chaillu** has just written so chattily and charmingly. Another curious thing about **Du Chaillu** is that the books which he wrote years ago are almost as much in demand to-day as they were when first published. He can set up a cab on copy-money received in 1871 on books published ten years ago.

—Hon. **Nelson K. Hopkins**, who next week enters upon the important duties of the Controllership of this State, has not hitherto taken prominent part in the general politics of New York. But for five-and-twenty years past he has been known and esteemed of all men in Erie County for intelligence, good sense, modesty, unimpeachable integrity, and an industry and fidelity in the various local offices he has filled that not only qualify, but amply entitle, him to the distinction upon which he now enters. It is among the agreeable incidents of politics that Mr. **Asher P. Nichols**, the retiring Controller, and Mr. **Hopkins**, his successor, are both from Buffalo, and though of opposing politics, have been life-long personal friends, and that each occupies a home position that never has been and never can be smirched by "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" of mere professional politicians.

—Miss **Thackeray**, one of the most popular and attractive of the younger novelists of England, has written a story entitled "Old Kensington," which is about to be published simultaneously in the *Cornhill Magazine* and in *Harper's Magazine*. She has been at work upon it several years, and competent literary authorities who have perused it pronounce it a marked improvement on her "Story of Elizabeth" and the "Village on the Cliff." Her taste, like her father's, is eminently pictorial, and her tableaux are evidently drawn from life.

—Ex-Senator **Ross**, of Kansas, is about to start a weekly paper in Coffeysville, Kansas, to be called *Ross's Paper*. Mr. Ross's practical buffeting with the world commenced as foreman in the office of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. Afterward he went to Kansas, and into politics. During the rebellion he attained the rank of major, and in 1866 became a United States Senator, serving until March 4, 1871.

—The new French minister to the United States, **Jules Ferry**, is only thirty-nine years old, yet has attained distinction as an advocate and journalist. He was one of the editors of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, and subsequently of *Le Temps*, and displayed marked ability in articles on financial subjects. He acquired fame for his warfare against the administration of the city of Paris, exposing municipal corruption. His attacks provoked many warnings from the government; but he kept on, and fearlessly exposed the doings of **Haussmann**, the "Boss" of the Parisian "Ring."

—Major **Bundy**, our bright contemporary of the *Evening Mail*, has just been hung in effigy—on the walls of the picture-gallery of the Union League Club—an admirable likeness of him having been painted by Mr. **Thomas Le Clear**.

—Heirs-apparent are in our day not noted for strong physique. Although Duke **Alexis** is robust enough, his eldest brother, the heir to the throne, has been an invalid almost from infancy. His son and heir is a feeble body. The only son of the Sultan is consumptive. The Count of Flanders, heir to the Belgian crown, is nearly dead from heart disease. The Crown Prince of Denmark is an invalid. The Austrian Prince **Rudolph** ditto. The Crown Prince of Germany is in vigorous health; but his friend and comrade, the Crown Prince **Albert** of Saxony, is sickly, and the heirs to the thrones of Mecklenburg, Baden, and Hesse are all feeble. Most of these princes are descendants of the most stalwart warriors of the olden time; but no heritage of strength, it seems, can be kept from decay under the enervating life of modern kings. The princes, like the institution of royalty itself, grow feebler with every generation.

—**Spielhagen**, the German novelist, is coming to this country to lecture on **Shakspeare**.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The most important business in Congress for the week ending December 16 was the passage of the Apportionment bill by the House of Representatives, which fixes the number of members at 283, distributed as follows:

Maine	5	Kentucky	10
New Hampshire	3	Tennessee	9
Vermont	2	Indiana	13
Massachusetts	11	Illinois	19
Rhode Island	2	Missouri	13
Connecticut	4	Arkansas	4
New York	32	Michigan	9
New Jersey	7	Florida	1
Pennsylvania	26	Texas	6
Delaware	1	Iowa	9
Maryland	6	Wisconsin	8
Virginia	9	California	4
North Carolina	8	Minnesota	3
South Carolina	5	Oregon	1
Georgia	9	Kansas	3
Alabama	7	West Virginia	3
Mississippi	6	Nevada	1
Louisiana	5	Nebraska	1
Ohio	20		

Mr. Akerman having resigned his position as Attorney-General, the President nominated ex-Senator Williams, of Oregon, to the vacant office. The Senate at once confirmed the nomination.

The Internationals of New York proposed a grand funeral parade on Sunday, December 10, in honor of the memory of General Rossel, lately executed in Paris. It was interdicted by the Police Commissioners. After considerable negotiation the interdict was removed, and the parade was allowed to take place on the following Sunday.

Mr. William M. Tweed was arrested on December 15 on the charge of felony and committed to the Tombs. The warrant for his arrest was granted by Recorder Hackett.

There will be no formal reception of the Grand Duke Alexis at Chicago, but General Sheridan will invite him to take part in a grand buffalo hunt on the Plains, which the prince will probably enjoy much better.

The Governor of Wyoming vetoed the recent bill depriving women of the right to vote in that Territory, and the veto has been sustained.

Admiral Possiet has forwarded to Mr. Aspinwall a check for $5000 as a present from the Grand Duke Alexis to the poor of New York. The Grand Duke being a sailor, Mr. Aspinwall has decided to appropriate $1000 to the relief of destitute children of seamen. The remaining $4000 has been handed to the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Captain-General of Cuba has relieved the Volunteers from garrison duty in Havana. Henceforth the forts, which completely dominate the city, will be held by regular troops—a measure which will prevent the recurrence of such excesses as have lately awakened the indignation of the civilized world.

The British government is determined to find out the strength and organization of the Internationals throughout the world. The Foreign-office has sent instructions to its entire diplomatic corps abroad to investigate this subject thoroughly, and to report thereon to the government.

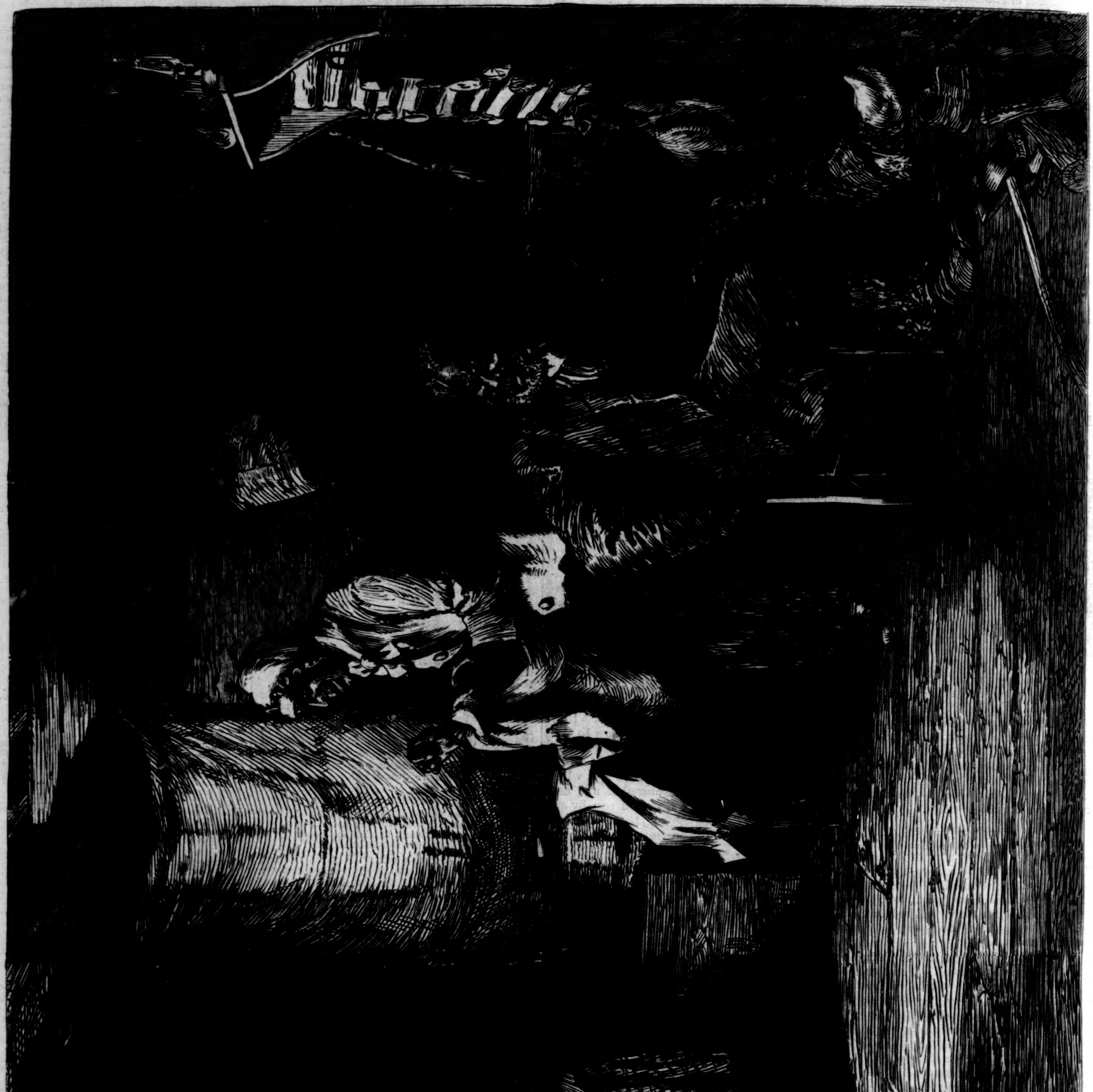
The brother of the Grand Duke Alexis, the Czarowitz Alexander, recently became involved in a "private and social" quarrel with the Prince De Reuss, minister of the German Empire to Russia. Both lost their tempers, and the Czarowitz fell upon the embassador and smote him. Notwithstanding recent assurances of undying friendship between Russia and Germany, and the private character of the dispute, it is feared that the consequences may be grave.

Havana telegrams again assert that the Cuban insurrection is almost at an end. They give a terrible picture of the desolation of some of the fairest portions of the island.

CHRISTMAS IN VIRGINIA.

THIS pleasant picture would have been more generally applicable, we imagine, before the abolition of slavery than at present; though there are still large estates where the old servants maintain their dependent relation to their former owners, and would as soon think of cutting off their own heads as setting up for themselves. Such are the old couple to whose humble but comfortable cabin the little daughter from the "great house" has come in to wish them a "merry Christmas," and bring them something extra nice for their dinner. The old people were, perhaps, born on the estate. They may have lived all their simple lives within sight of the "great house," and were children with the grandparents of the little one who brings a gleam of Christmas sunshine through the door-way. They look upon themselves as belonging to the family, and the idea of going away or being sent away has never entered their simple brains.

Pretty and idyllic, is it not? Yet it represents a condition of society which is rapidly disappearing from a century which has but little sympathy with the idyllic poetry of life. In this practical age such an anomaly as a dependent peasantry could not be tolerated, nor can any sensible person wish that it should be. It must give way to something nobler and more enduring. The serf, the peasant, is every where rising above the level of his old condition, and asserting and winning his rights as a man; and though the world may lose a great deal of poetry and picturesqueness in the process, the substantial gain to humanity will be great and permanent.

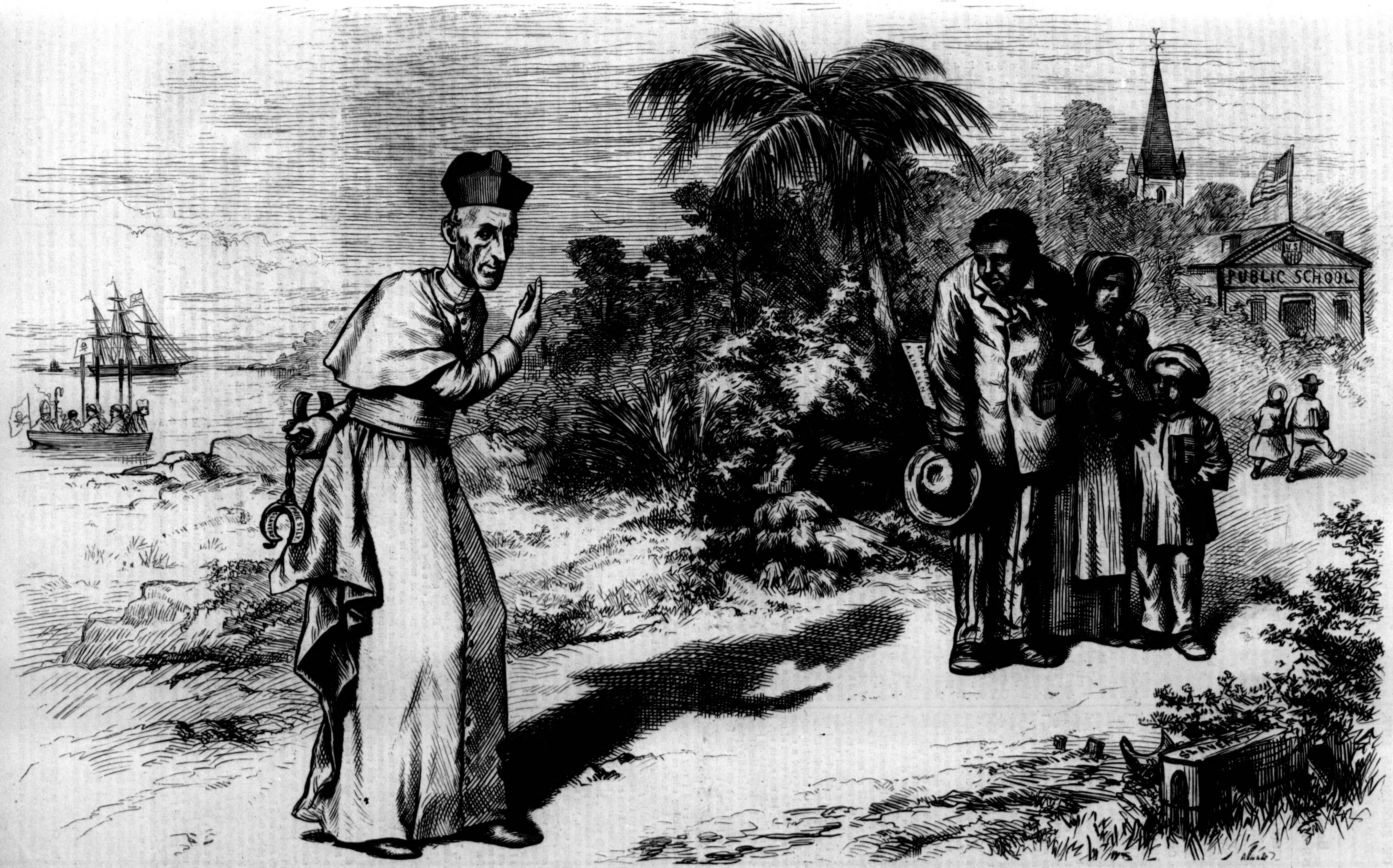

W L Sheppard Del.

CHRISTMAS IN VIRGINIA—A PRESENT FROM THE GREAT HOUSE.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

"THE HEATHENS OF AMERICA."

NOT the least among the merits of the striking compositions from the trenchant and fertile pencil of Mr. NAST is that they always tell their own story with a force and directness which explanation only serves to weaken; and we refer now to his picture on the opposite page only for the purpose of reminding such of our readers as may have forgotten it of the action of the Roman Catholic Church by which this admirable cartoon was suggested.

A short time since the Roman Catholic Archbishop MANNING, of England, determined to send missionaries over to this country to labor among our newly emancipated negro population, in the expectation, no doubt, of finding them tractable and easily impressed by the imposing ceremonies of the Romish Church. The reason publicly given for this attempt to spread Romish doctrines among the negroes was, as England had been instrumental in bringing them to America and into slavery, she should now bear a part in bringing them to a knowledge of Christianity. The archbishop is rather late in the day. His missionaries will discover that others have taken the field before them, that the Christian religion is not altogether unknown among the negroes, and that the common schools have already taught them some lessons in history which they would never have received from their Roman Catholic friends; and we shall be much surprised if the sentiment of the intelligent colored population of the South is not exactly expressed by Mr. NAST's cartoon. The Common School has got the start of the Propaganda, and will keep it.


PUBLIC SCHOOL
U.S.
PRIESTLY
SLAVERY
EMANCIPATION
A. LINCOLN
SLAVERY

A ROMAN-CATHOLIC MISSION FROM ENGLAND TO THE "HEATHENS" OF AMERICA.—[See Page 1220.]

Dr. Manning. "Of all the Nations on the Earth, England has been the most Guilty in regard to Slavery, and it was most fitting that the Reparation to the now Liberated Slaves should proceed from England."
The Heathen American. "No, thank you. We have just been Emancipated, and if England is responsible for Slavery in the United States, I don't care to jump from the English Frying-Pan into the English Fire."

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book I.

MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER V.

"Hard students are commonly troubled with gowts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradypepsia, bad eyes, stone, and collick, crudities, oppilations, vertigo, winds, consumptions, and all such diseases as come by overmuch sitting: they are most part lean, dry, ill-colored....and all through immoderate pains and extraordinary studies. If you will not believe the truth of this, look upon great Tostatus and Thomas Aquinas' works; and tell me whether those men took pains."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, P. I. s. 2.

THIS was Mr. Casaubon's letter.

"MY DEAR MISS BROOKE,—I have your guardian's permission to address you on a subject than which I have none more at heart. I am not, I trust, mistaken in the recognition of some deeper correspondence than that of date in the fact that a consciousness of need in my own life had arisen contemporaneously with the possibility of my becoming acquainted with you. For in the first hour of meeting you I had an impression of your eminent and perhaps exclusive fitness to supply that need (connected, I may say, with such activity of the affections as even the preoccupations of a work too special to be abdicated could not uninterruptedly dissimulate); and each succeeding opportunity for observation has given the impression an added depth by convincing me more emphatically of that fitness which I had preconceived, and thus evoking more decisively those affections to which I have but now referred. Our conversations have, I think, made sufficiently clear to you the tenor of my life and purposes—a tenor unsuited, I am aware, to the commoner order of minds. But I have discerned in you an elevation of thought and a capability of devotedness which I had hitherto not conceived to be compatible either with the early bloom of youth or with those graces of sex that may be said at once to win and to confer distinction when combined, as they notably are in you, with the mental qualities above indicated. It was, I confess, beyond my hope to meet with this rare combination of elements, both solid and attractive, adapted to supply aid in graver labors, and to cast a charm over vacant hours; and but for the event of my introduction to you (which, let me again say, I trust not to be superficially coincident with foreshadowing needs, but providentially related thereto as stages toward the completion of a life's plan), I should presumably have gone on to the last without any attempt to lighten my solitariness by a matrimonial union.

"Such, my dear Miss Brooke, is the accurate statement of my feelings; and I rely on your kind indulgence in venturing now to ask you how far your own are of a nature to confirm my happy presentiment. To be accepted by you as your husband and the earthly guardian of your welfare, I should regard as the highest of providential gifts. In return I can at least offer you an affection hitherto unwasted, and the faithful consecration of a life which, however short in the sequel, has no backward pages whereon, if you choose to turn them, you will find records such as might justly cause you either bitterness or shame. I await the expression of your sentiments with an anxiety which it would be the part of wisdom (were it possible) to divert by a more arduous labor than usual. But in this order of experience I am still young; and in looking forward to an unfavorable possibility I can not but feel that resignation to solitude will be more difficult after the temporary illumination of hope.

"In any case, I shall remain,
"Yours with sincere devotion,
"EDWARD CASAUBON."

Dorothea trembled while she read this letter; then she fell on her knees, buried her face, and sobbed. She could not pray; under the rush of solemn emotion in which thoughts became vague and images floated uncertainly, she could but cast herself, with a child-like sense of reclining, in the lap of a divine consciousness which sustained her own. She remained in that attitude till it was time to dress for dinner.

How could it occur to her to examine the letter, to look at it critically as a profession of love? Her whole soul was possessed by the fact that a fuller life was opening before her: she was a neophyte about to enter on a higher grade of initiation. She was going to have room for the energies which stirred uneasily under the dimness and pressure of her own ignorance and the petty peremptoriness of the world's habits.

Now she would be able to devote herself to large yet definite duties; now she would be allowed to live continually in the light of a mind that she could reverence. This hope was not unmixed with the glow of proud delight—the joyous maiden surprise that she was chosen by the man whom her admiration had chosen. All Dorothea's passion was transfused through a mind struggling toward an ideal life; the radiance of her transfigured girlhood fell on the first object that came within its level. The impetus with which inclination became resolution was heightened by those little events of the day which had roused her discontent with the actual conditions of her life.

After dinner, when Celia was playing an "air, with variations," a small kind of tinkling which symbolized the æsthetic part of the young ladies' education, Dorothea went up to her room to answer Mr. Casaubon's letter. Why should she defer the answer? She wrote it over three times, not because she wished to change the wording, but because her hand was unusually uncertain, and she could not bear that Mr. Casaubon should think her handwriting bad and illegible. She piqued herself on writing a hand in which each letter was distinguishable without any large range of conjecture; and she meant to make much use of this accomplishment to save Mr. Casaubon's eyes. Three times she wrote.

"MY DEAR MR. CASAUBON,—I am very grateful to you for loving me, and thinking me worthy to be your wife. I can look forward to no better happiness than that which would be one with yours. If I said more, it would only be the same thing written out at greater length; for I can not now dwell on any other thought than that I may be through life

"Yours devotedly,
"DOROTHEA BROOKE."

Later in the evening she followed her uncle into the library to give him the letter, that he might read it in the morning. He was surprised, but his surprise only issued in a few moments' silence, during which he pushed about various objects on his writing-table, and finally stood with his back to the fire, his glasses on his nose, looking at the address of Dorothea's letter.

"Have you thought enough about this, my dear?" he said at last.

"There was no need to think long, uncle. I know of nothing to make me vacillate. If I changed my mind, it must be because of something important and entirely new to me."

"Ah!—then you have accepted him? Then Chettam has no chance? Has Chettam offended you—offended you, you know? What is it you don't like in Chettam?"

"There is nothing that I like in him," said Dorothea, rather impetuously.

Mr. Brooke threw his head and shoulders backward as if some one had thrown a light missile at him. Dorothea immediately felt some self-rebuke, and said,

"I mean in the light of a husband. He is very kind, I think—really very good about the cottages. A well-meaning man."

"But you must have a scholar, and that sort of thing? Well, it lies a little in our family. I had it myself—that love of knowledge, and going into every thing—a little too much; it took me too far: though that sort of thing doesn't often run in the female line; or it runs under-ground like the rivers in Greece, you know—it comes out in the sons. Clever sons, clever mothers. I went a good deal into that at one time. However, my dear, I have always said that people should do as they like in these things, up to a certain point. I couldn't, as your guardian, have consented to a bad match. But Casaubon stands well: his position is good. I am afraid Chettam will be hurt, though, and Mrs. Cadwallader will blame me."

That evening, of course, Celia knew nothing of what had happened. She attributed Dorothea's abstracted manner, and the evidence of further crying since they had got home, to the temper she had been in about Sir James Chettam and the buildings, and was careful not to give further offense: having once said what she wanted to say, Celia had no disposition to recur to disagreeable subjects. It had been her nature when a child never to quarrel with any one—only to observe with wonder that they quarreled with her, and looked like turkey-cocks; whereupon she was ready to play at cat's-cradle with them whenever they recovered themselves. And as to Dorothea, it had always been her way to find something wrong in her sister's words, though Celia inwardly protested that she always said just how things were, and nothing else: she never did and never could put words together out of her own head. But the best of Dodo was that she did not keep angry for long together. Now, though they had hardly spoken to each other all the evening, yet when Celia put by her work, intending to go to bed, a proceeding in which she was always much the earlier, Dorothea, who was seated on a low stool, unable to occupy herself except in meditation, said, with the musical intonation which in moments of deep but quiet feeling made her speech like a fine bit of recitative,

"Celia dear, come and kiss me," holding her arms open as she spoke.

Celia knelt down to get the right level, and gave her little butterfly kiss, while Dorothea encircled her with gentle arms, and pressed her lips gravely on each cheek in turn.

"Don't sit up, Dodo, you are so pale to-night: go to bed soon," said Celia, in a comfortable way, without any touch of pathos.

"No, dear, I am very, very happy," said Dorothea, fervently.

"So much the better," thought Celia. "But how strangely Dodo goes from one extreme to the other!"

The next day, at luncheon, the butler, handing something to Mr. Brooke, said, "Jonas is come back, Sir, and has brought this letter."

Mr. Brooke read the letter, and then, nodding toward Dorothea, said, "Casaubon, my dear: he will be here to dinner; he didn't wait to write more—didn't wait, you know."

It could not seem remarkable to Celia that a dinner guest should be announced to her sister beforehand, but, her eyes following the same direction as her uncle's, she was struck with the peculiar effect of the announcement on Dorothea. It seemed as if something like the reflection of a white sun-lit wing had passed across her features, ending in one of her rare blushes. For the first time it entered into Celia's mind that there might be something more between Mr. Casaubon and her sister than his delight in bookish talk and her delight in listening. Hitherto she had classed the admiration for this "ugly" and learned acquaintance with the admiration for Monsieur Liret at Lausanne, also ugly and learned. Dorothea had never been tired of listening to old Monsieur Liret, when Celia's feet were as cold as possible, and when it had really become dreadful to see the skin of his bald head moving about. Why, then, should her enthusiasm not extend to Mr. Casaubon simply in the same way as to Monsieur Liret? And it seemed probable that all learned men had a sort of schoolmaster's view of young people.

But now Celia was really startled at the suspicion which had darted into her mind. She was seldom taken by surprise in this way, her marvelous quickness in observing a certain order of signs generally preparing her to expect such outward events as she had an interest in. Not that she now imagined Mr. Casaubon to be already an accepted lover: she had only begun to feel disgust at the possibility that any thing in Dorothea's mind could tend toward such an issue. Here was something really to vex her about Dodo: it was all very well not to accept Sir James Chettam, but the idea of marrying Mr. Casaubon! Celia felt a sort of shame mingled with a sense of the ludicrous. But perhaps Dodo, if she were really bordering on such an extravagance, might be turned away from it: experience had often shown that her impressibility might be calculated on. The day was damp, and they were not going to walk out, so they both went up to their sitting-room; and there Celia observed that Dorothea, instead of settling down with her usual diligent interest to some occupation, simply leaned her elbow on an open book and looked out of the window at the great cedar silvered with the damp. She herself had taken up the making of a toy for the curate's children, and was not going to enter on any subject too precipitately.

Dorothea was, in fact, thinking that it was desirable for Celia to know of the momentous change in Mr. Casaubon's position since he had last been in the house; it did not seem fair to leave her in ignorance of what would necessarily affect her attitude toward him; but it was impossible not to shrink from telling her. Dorothea accused herself of some meanness in this timidity: it was always odious to her to have any small fears or contrivances about her actions; but at this moment she was seeking the highest aid possible that she might not dread the corrosiveness of Celia's pretty, carnally minded prose. Her reverie was broken, and the difficulty of decision banished, by Celia's small and rather guttural voice speaking in its usual tone of a remark aside or a "by-the-bye."

"Is any one else coming to dine besides Mr. Casaubon?"

"Not that I know of."

"I hope there is some one else. Then I shall not hear him eat his soup so."

"What is there remarkable about his soup-eating?"

"Really, Dodo, can't you hear how he scrapes his spoon? And he always blinks before he speaks. I don't know whether Locke blinked, but I'm sure I am sorry for those who sat opposite to him if he did."

"Celia," said Dorothea, with emphatic gravity, "pray don't make any more observations of that kind."

"Why not? They are quite true," returned Celia, who had her reasons for persevering, though she was beginning to be a little afraid.

"Many things are true which only the commonest minds observe."

"Then I think the commonest minds must be rather useful. I think it is a pity Mr. Casaubon's mother had not a commoner mind: she might have taught him better." Celia was inwardly frightened, and ready to run away, now she had hurled this light javelin.

Dorothea's feelings had gathered to an avalanche, and there could be no further preparation.

"It is right to tell you, Celia, that I am engaged to marry Mr. Casaubon."

Perhaps Celia had never turned so pale before. The paper man she was making would have had his leg injured but for her habitual care of whatever she held in her hands. She laid the fragile figure down at once, and sat perfectly still for a few moments. When she spoke there was a tear gathering.

"Oh, Dodo, I hope you will be happy." Her sisterly tenderness could not but surmount other feelings at this moment, and her fears were the fears of affection.

Dorothea was still hurt and agitated.

"It is quite decided, then?" said Celia, in an awed under-tone. "And uncle knows?"

"I have accepted Mr. Casaubon's offer. My uncle brought me the letter that contained it; he knew about it beforehand."

"I beg your pardon, if I have said any thing to hurt you, Dodo," said Celia, with a slight sob. She never could have thought that she should feel as she did. There was something funereal in the whole affair, and Mr. Casaubon seemed to be the officiating clergyman, about whom it would be indecent to make remarks.

"Never mind, Kitty; do not grieve. We should never admire the same people. I often offend in something of the same way; I am apt to speak too strongly of those who don't please me."

In spite of this magnanimity Dorothea was still smarting: perhaps as much from Celia's subdued astonishment as from her small criticisms. Of course all the world round Tipton would be out of sympathy with this marriage. Dorothea knew of no one who thought as she did about life and its best objects.

Nevertheless, before the evening was at an end she was very happy. In an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Casaubon she talked to him with more freedom than she had ever felt before, even pouring out her joy at the thought of devoting herself to him, and of learning how she might best share and further all his great ends. Mr. Casaubon was touched with an unknown delight (what man would not have been?) at this child-like, unrestrained ardor: he was not surprised (what lover would have been?) that he should be the object of it.

"My dear young lady—Miss Brooke—Dorothea!" he said, pressing her hand between his hands, "this is a happiness greater than I had ever imagined to be in reserve for me. That I should ever meet with a mind and person so rich in the mingled graces which could render marriage desirable was far indeed from my conception. You have all—nay, more than all—those qualities which I have ever regarded as the characteristic excellences of womanhood. The great charm of your sex is its capability of an ardent self-sacrificing affection, and herein we see its fitness to round and complete the existence of our own. Hitherto I have known few pleasures save of the severer kind: my satisfactions have been those of the solitary student. I have been little disposed to gather flowers that would wither in my hand, but now I shall pluck them with eagerness, to place them in your bosom."

No speech could have been more thoroughly honest in its intention: the frigid rhetoric at the end was as sincere as the bark of a dog or the cawing of an amorous rook. Would it not be rash to conclude that there was no passion behind those sonnets to Delia which strike us as the thin music of a mandolin?

Dorothea's faith supplied all that Mr. Casaubon's words seemed to leave unsaid: what believer sees a disturbing omission or infelicity? The text, whether of prophet or of poet, expands for whatever we can put into it, and even his bad grammar is sublime.

"I am very ignorant—you will quite wonder at my ignorance," said Dorothea. "I have so many thoughts that may be quite mistaken; and now I shall be able to tell them all to you, and ask you about them. But," she added, with rapid imagination of Mr. Casaubon's probable feeling, "I will not trouble you too much; only when you are inclined to listen to me. You must often be weary with the pursuit of subjects in your own track. I shall gain enough if you will take me with you there."

"How should I be able now to persevere in any path without your companionship?" said Mr. Casaubon, kissing her candid brow, and feeling that Heaven had vouchsafed him a blessing in every way suited to his peculiar wants. He was being unconsciously wrought upon by the charms of a nature which was entirely without hidden calculations either for immediate effects or for remoter ends. It was this which made Dorothea so child-like, and, according to some judges, so stupid, with all her reputed cleverness; as, for example, in the present case of throwing herself, metaphorically speaking, at Mr. Casaubon's feet, and kissing his unfashionable shoe-ties as if he were a Protestant pope. She was not in the least teaching Mr. Casaubon to ask if he were good enough for her, but merely asking herself anxiously how she could be good enough for Mr. Casaubon. Before he left the next day it had been decided that the marriage should take place within six weeks. Why not? Mr. Casaubon's house was ready. It was not a parsonage, but a considerable mansion, with much land attached to it. The parsonage was inhabited by the curate, who did all the duty except preaching the morning sermon.

CHAPTER VI.

"My lady's tongue is like the meadow blades,
That cut you stroking them with idle hand.
Nice cutting is her function: she divides
With spiritual edge the millet seed,
And makes intangible savings."

As Mr. Casaubon's carriage was passing out of the gate-way it arrested the entrance of a pony phaeton driven by a lady with a servant seated behind. It was doubtful whether the recognition had been mutual, for Mr. Casaubon was looking absently before him; but the lady was quick-eyed, and threw a nod and a "How do you do?" in the nick of time. In spite of her shabby bonnet and very old Indian shawl, it was plain that the lodge-keeper regarded her as an important personage from the low courtesy which was dropped on the entrance of the small phaeton.

"Well, Mrs. Fitchett, how are your fowls laying now?" said the high-colored, dark-eyed lady, with the clearest chiseled utterance.

"Pretty well for laying, madam, but they've ta'en to eating their eggs: I've no peace o' mind with 'em at all."

"Oh, the cannibals! Better sell them cheap at once. What will you sell them a couple? One can't eat fowls of a bad character at a high price."

"Well, madam, half a crown: I couldn't let 'em go, not under."

"Half a crown, these times! Come now—for the rector's chicken broth on a Sunday. He has consumed all ours that I can spare. You are half paid with the sermon, Mrs. Fitchett, remember that. Take a pair of tumbler-pigeons for them—little beauties. You must come and see them. You have no tumblers among your pigeons."

"Well, madam, Master Fitchett shall go and see 'em after work. He's very hot on new sorts: to oblige *you*."

"Oblige me! It will be the best bargain he ever made. A pair of church pigeons for a couple of wicked Spanish fowls that eat their own eggs! Don't you and Fitchett boast too much, that is all!"

The phaeton was driven onward with the last words, leaving Mrs. Fitchett laughing and shaking her head slowly, with an interjectional "Sure-

ly, surely!"—from which it might be inferred that she would have found the country-side somewhat duller if the rector's lady had been less free-spoken and less of a skinflint. Indeed, both the farmers and laborers in the parishes of Freshitt and Tipton would have felt a sad lack of conversation but for the stories about what Mrs. Cadwallader said and did: a lady of immeasurably high birth, descended, as it were, from unknown earls, dim as the crowd of heroic shades—who pleaded poverty, pared down prices, and cut jokes in the most companionable manner, though with a turn of tongue that let you know who she was. Such a lady gave a neighborliness to both rank and religion, and mitigated the bitterness of uncommuted tithe. A much more exemplary character with an infusion of sour dignity would not have furthered their comprehension of the Thirty-nine Articles, and would have been less socially uniting.

Mr. Brooke, seeing Mrs. Cadwallader's merits from a different point of view, winced a little when her name was announced in the library, where he was sitting alone.

"I see you have had our Lowick Cicero here," she said, seating herself comfortably, throwing back her wraps, and showing a thin but well-built figure. "I suspect you and he are brewing some bad politics, else you would not be seeing so much of the lively man. I shall inform against you: remember you are both suspicious characters since you took Peel's side about the Catholic Bill. I shall tell every body that you are going to put up for Middlemarch on the Whig side when old Pinkerton resigns, and that Casaubon is going to help you in an underhand manner: going to bribe the voters with pamphlets, and throw open the public-houses to distribute them. Come, confess!"

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Brooke, smiling and rubbing his eye-glasses, but really blushing a little at the impeachment. "Casaubon and I don't talk politics much. He doesn't care much about the philanthropic side of things—punishments, and that kind of thing. He only cares about Church questions. That is not my line of action, you know."

"Ra-a-ther too much, my friend. *I* have heard of your doings. Who was it that sold his bit of land to the Papists at Middlemarch? I believe you bought it on purpose. You are a perfect Guy Faux. See if you are not burned in effigy this 5th of November coming. Humphrey would not come to quarrel with you about it, so I am come."

"Very good. I was prepared to be persecuted for not persecuting—not persecuting, you know."

"There you go! That is a piece of clap-trap you have got ready for the hustings. Now *do not* let them lure you to the hustings, my dear Mr. Brooke. A man always makes a fool of himself speechifying: there's no excuse but being on the right side, so that you can ask a blessing on your humming and hawing. You will lose yourself, I forewarn you. You will make a Saturday pie of all parties' opinions, and be pelted by every body."

"That is what I expect, you know," said Mr. Brooke, not wishing to betray how little he enjoyed this prophetic sketch—"what I expect as an independent man. As to the Whigs, a man who goes with the thinkers is not likely to be hooked on by any party. He may go with them up to a certain point—up to a certain point, you know. But that is what you ladies never understand."

"Where your certain point is? No. I should like to be told how a man can have any certain point when he belongs to no party—leading a roving life, and never letting his friends know his address. 'Nobody knows where Brooke will be; there's no counting on Brooke'—that is what people say of you, to be quite frank. Now do turn respectable. How will you like going to Sessions with every body looking shy on you, and you with a bad conscience and an empty pocket?"

"I don't pretend to argue with a lady on politics," said Mr. Brooke, with an air of smiling indifference, but feeling rather unpleasantly conscious that this attack of Mrs. Cadwallader's had opened the defensive campaign to which certain rash steps had exposed him. "Your sex are not thinkers, you know—*varium et mutabile semper*—that kind of thing. You don't know Virgil. I knew"—Mr. Brooke reflected in time that he had not had the personal acquaintance of the Augustan poet—"I was going to say, poor Stoddart, you know. That was what *he* said. You ladies are always against an independent attitude—a man's caring for nothing but truth, and that sort of thing. And there is no part of the country where opinion is narrower than it is here—I don't mean to throw stones, you know, but somebody is wanted to take the independent line; and if I don't take it, who will?"

"Who? Why, any upstart who has got neither blood nor position. People of standing should consume their independent nonsense at home, not hawk it about. And you! who are going to marry your niece, as good as your daughter, to one of our best men. Sir James would be cruelly annoyed: it will be too hard on him if you turn round now and make yourself a Whig sign-board."

Mr. Brooke again winced inwardly, for Dorothea's engagement had no sooner been decided than he had thought of Mrs. Cadwallader's prospective taunts. It might have been easy for ignorant observers to say, "Quarrel with Mrs. Cadwallader;" but where is a country gentleman to go who quarrels with his oldest neighbors? Who could taste the fine flavor in the name of Brooke if it were delivered casually, like wine without a seal? Certainly a man can only be cosmopolitan up to a certain point.

"I hope Chettam and I shall always be good friends; but I am sorry to say there is no prospect of his marrying my niece," said Mr. Brooke, much relieved to see through the window that Celia was coming in.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Cadwallader, with a sharp note of surprise. "It is hardly a fortnight since you and I were talking about it."

"My niece has chosen another suitor—has chosen him, you know. I have had nothing to do with it. I should have preferred Chettam; and I should have said Chettam was the man any girl would have chosen. But there is no accounting for these things. Your sex is capricious, you know."

"Why, whom do you mean to say that you are going to let her marry?" Mrs. Cadwallader's mind was rapidly surveying the possibilities of choice for Dorothea.

But here Celia entered, blooming from a walk in the garden, and the greeting with her delivered Mr. Brooke from the necessity of answering immediately. He got up hastily, and saying, "By-the-way, I must speak to Wright about the horses," shuffled quickly out of the room.

"My dear child, what is this?—this about your sister's engagement?" said Mrs. Cadwallader.

"She is engaged to marry Mr. Casaubon," said Celia, resorting, as usual, to the simplest statement of fact, and enjoying this opportunity of speaking to the rector's wife alone.

"This is frightful. How long has it been going on?"

"I only knew of it yesterday. They are to be married in six weeks."

"Well, my dear, I wish you joy of your brother-in-law."

"I am so sorry for Dorothea."

"Sorry! It is her doing, I suppose?"

"Yes; she says Mr. Casaubon has a great soul."

"With all my heart."

"Oh, Mrs. Cadwallader, I don't think it can be nice to marry a man with a great soul."

"Well, my dear, take warning. You know the look of one now; when the next comes and wants to marry you, don't you accept him."

"I'm sure I never should."

"No; one such in a family is enough. So your sister never cared about Sir James Chettam? What would you have said to *him* for a brother-in-law?"

"I should have liked that very much. I am sure he would have been a good husband. Only," Celia added, with a slight blush (she sometimes seemed to blush as she breathed), "I don't think he would have suited Dorothea."

"Not high-flown enough?"

"Dodo is very strict. She thinks so much about every thing, and is so particular about what one says. Sir James never seemed to please her."

"She must have encouraged him, I am sure. That is not very creditable."

"Please don't be angry with Dodo; she does not see things. She thought so much about the cottages, and she *was* rude to Sir James sometimes; but he is so kind he never noticed it."

"Well," said Mrs. Cadwallader, putting on her shawl, and rising, as if in haste, "I must go straight to Sir James and break this to him. He will have brought his mother back by this time, and I must call. Your uncle will never tell him. We are all disappointed, my dear. Young people should think of their families in marrying. I set a bad example—married a poor clergyman, and made myself a pitiable object among the De Bracys—obliged to get my coals by stratagem, and pray to Heaven for my salad oil. However, Casaubon has money enough; I must do him that justice. As to his blood, I suppose the family quarterings are three cuttle-fish sable, and a commentator rampant. By-the-bye, before I go, my dear, I must speak to your Mrs. Carter about pastry. I want to send my young cook to learn of her. Poor people with four children, like us, you know, can't afford to keep a good cook. I have no doubt Mrs. Carter will oblige me. Sir James's cook is a perfect dragon."

In less than an hour Mrs. Cadwallader had circumvented Mrs. Carter and driven to Freshitt Hall, which was not far from her own parsonage, her husband being resident in Freshitt and keeping a curate in Tipton

Sir James Chettam had returned from the short journey which had kept him absent for a couple of days, and had changed his dress, intending to ride over to Tipton Grange. His horse was standing at the door when Mrs. Cadwallader drove up, and he immediately appeared there himself, whip in hand. Lady Chettam had not yet returned; but Mrs. Cadwallader's errand could not be dispatched in the presence of grooms, so she asked to be taken into the conservatory close by, to look at the new plants; and on coming to a contemplative stand she said,

"I have a great shock for you. I hope you are not so far gone in love as you pretended to be."

It was of no use protesting against Mrs. Cadwallader's way of putting things. But Sir James's countenance changed a little. He felt a vague alarm.

"I do believe Brooke is going to expose himself after all. I accused him of meaning to stand for Middlemarch on the Liberal side, and he looked silly and never denied it—talked about the independent line, and the usual nonsense."

"Is that all?" said Sir James, much relieved.

"Why," rejoined Mrs. Cadwallader, with a sharper note, "you don't mean to say that you would like him to turn public man in that way—making a sort of political Cheap Jack of himself?"

"He might be dissuaded, I should think. He would not like the expense."

"That is what I told him. He is vulnerable to reason there—always a few grains of common-sense in an ounce of miserliness. Miserliness is a capital quality to run in families; it's the safe side for madness to dip on. And there must be a little crack in the Brooke family, else we should not see what we are to see."

"What? Brooke standing for Middlemarch?"

"Worse than that. I really feel a little responsible. I always told you Miss Brooke would be such a fine match. I knew there was a great deal of nonsense in her—a flighty sort of Methodistical stuff. But these things wear out of girls. However, I am taken by surprise for once."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Cadwallader?" said Sir James. His fear lest Miss Brooke should have run away to join the Moravian Brethren, or some preposterous sect unknown to good society, was a little allayed by the knowledge that Mrs. Cadwallader always made the worst of things. "What has happened to Miss Brooke? Pray speak out."

"Very well. She is engaged to be married." Mrs. Cadwallader paused a few moments, observing the deeply hurt expression in her friend's face, which he was trying to conceal by a nervous smile, while he whipped his boot; but she soon added, "Engaged to Casaubon."

Sir James let his whip fall, and stooped to pick it up. Perhaps his face had never before gathered so much concentrated disgust as when he turned to Mrs. Cadwallader, and repeated, "Casaubon?"

"Even so. You know my errand now."

"Good God! It is horrible! He is no better than a mummy!" (The point of view has to be allowed for, as that of a blooming and disappointed rival.)

"She says he is a great soul.—A great bladder for dried pease to rattle in!" said Mrs. Cadwallader.

"What business has an old bachelor like that to marry?" said Sir James. "He has one foot in the grave."

"He means to draw it out again, I suppose."

"Brooke ought not to allow it: he should insist on its being put off till she is of age. She would think better of it then. What is a guardian for?"

"As if you could ever squeeze a resolution out of Brooke!"

"Cadwallader might talk to him."

"Not he! Humphrey finds every body charming. I never can get him to abuse Casaubon. He will even speak well of the bishop, though I tell him it is unnatural in a beneficed clergyman: what can one do with a husband who attends so little to the decencies? I hide it as well as I can by abusing every body myself. Come, come; cheer up! you are well rid of Miss Brooke—a girl who would have been requiring you to see the stars by daylight. Between ourselves, little Celia is worth two of her, and likely, after all, to be the better match. For this marriage to Casaubon is as good as going to a nunnery."

"Oh, on my own account—it is for Miss Brooke's sake I think her friends should try to use their influence."

"Well, Humphrey doesn't know yet. But when I tell him, you may depend on it he will say, 'Why not? Casaubon is a good fellow—and young—young enough.' These charitable people never know vinegar from wine till they have swallowed it and got the colic. However, if I were a man I should prefer Celia, especially when Dorothea was gone. The truth is, you have been courting one, and have won the other. I can see that she admires you almost as much as a man expects to be admired. If it were any one but me who said so, you might think it exaggeration. Good-by!"

Sir James handed Mrs. Cadwallader to the phaeton, and then jumped on his horse. He was not going to renounce his ride because of his friend's unpleasant news—only to ride the faster in some other direction than that of Tipton Grange.

Now why on earth should Mrs. Cadwallader have been at all busy about Miss Brooke's marriage; and why, when one match that she liked to think she had a hand in was frustrated, should she have straightway contrived the preliminaries of another? Was there any ingenious plot, any hide-and-seek course of action, which might be detected by a careful telescopic watch? Not at all: a telescope might have swept the parishes of Tipton and Freshitt, the whole area visited by Mrs. Cadwallader in her phaeton, without witnessing any interview that could excite suspicion, or any scene from which she did not return with the same unperturbed keenness of eye and the same high natural color. In fact, if that convenient vehicle had existed in the days of the Seven Sages, one of them would doubtless have remarked that you can know little of women by following them about in their pony phaetons. Even with a microscope directed on a water-drop we find ourselves making interpretations which turn out to be rather coarse; for whereas under a weak lens you may seem to see a creature exhibiting an active voracity into which other smaller creatures actively play as if they were so many animated tax-pennies, a stronger lens reveals to you certain tiniest hairlets which make vortices for these victims while the swallower waits passively at his receipt of custom. In this way, metaphorically speaking, a strong lens applied to Mrs. Cadwallader's match-making will show a play of minute causes producing what may be called thought and speech vortices to bring her the sort of food she needed.

Her life was rurally simple, quite free from secrets either foul, dangerous, or otherwise important, and not consciously affected by the great affairs of the world. All the more did the affairs of the great world interest her, when communicated in the letters of high-born relations: the way in which fascinating younger sons had gone to the dogs by marrying their mistresses; the fine old-blooded idiocy of young Lord Tapir, and the furious gouty humors of old Lord Megatherium; the exact crossing of genealogies which had brought a coronet into a new branch and widened the relations of scandal—these were topics of which she retained details with the utmost accuracy, and reproduced them in an excellent pickle of epigrams, which she herself enjoyed the more because she believed as unquestioningly in birth and no birth as she did in game and vermin. She would never have disowned any one on the ground of poverty: a De Bracy reduced to take his dinner in a basin would have seemed to her an example of pathos worth exaggerating; and I fear his aristocratic vices would not have horrified her. But her feeling toward the vulgar rich was a sort of religious hatred: they had probably made all their money out of high retail prices, and Mrs. Cadwallader detested high prices for every thing that was not paid in kind at the Rectory: such people were no part of God's design in making the world; and their accent was an affliction to the ears. A town where such monsters abounded was hardly more than a sort of low comedy, which could not be taken account of in a well-bred scheme of the universe. Let any lady who is inclined to be hard on Mrs. Cadwallader inquire into the comprehensiveness of her own beautiful views, and be quite sure that they afford accommodation for all the lives which have the honor to coexist with hers.

With such a mind, active as phosphorus, biting every thing that came near into the form that suited it, how could the Misses Brooke and their matrimonial prospects seem alien to Mrs. Cadwallader? especially as it had been the habit of years for her to scold Mr. Brooke with the friendliest frankness, and let him know in confidence that she thought him a poor creature. From the first arrival of the young ladies in Tipton she had prearranged Dorothea's marriage with Sir James, and if it had taken place would have been quite sure that it was her doing: that it should not take place, after she had preconceived it, caused her an irritation which every thinker will sympathize with. She was the diplomatist of Tipton and Freshitt, and for any thing to happen in spite of her was an offensive irregularity. As to freaks like this of Miss Brooke's, Mrs. Cadwallader had no patience with them, and now saw that her opinion of this girl had been infected with some of her husband's weak charitableness: those Methodistical whims, that air of being more religious than the rector and curate together, came from a deeper and more constitutional disease than she had been willing to believe.

"However," said Mrs. Cadwallader, first to herself and afterward to her husband, "I throw her over: there was a chance, if she had married Sir James, of her becoming a sane, sensible woman. He would never have contradicted her, and when a woman is not contradicted she has no motive for obstinacy in her absurdities. But now I wish her joy of her hair shirt."

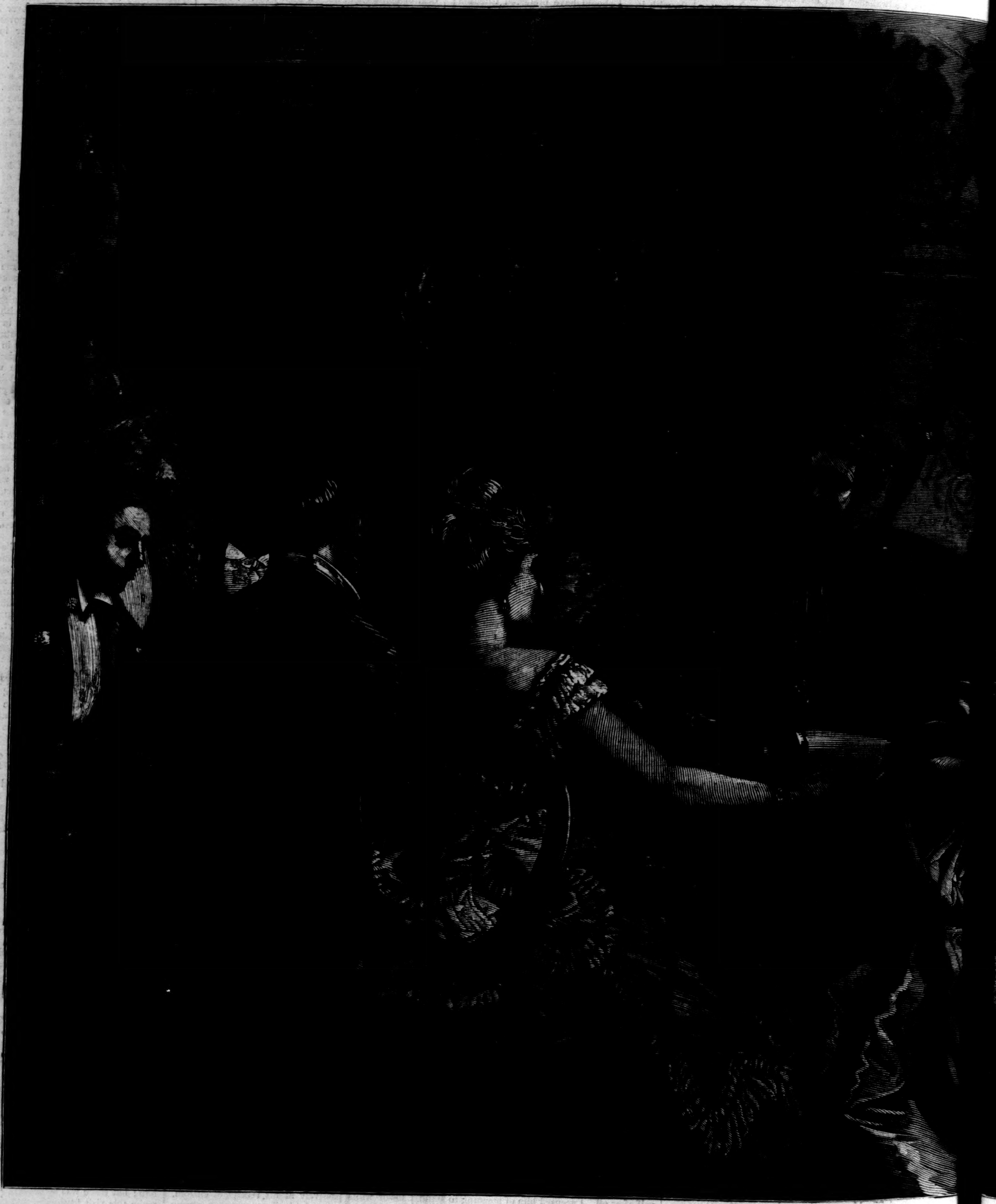
It followed that Mrs. Cadwallader must decide on another match for Sir James, and having made up her mind that it was to be the younger Miss Brooke, there could not have been a more skillful move toward the success of her plan than her hint to the baronet that he had made an impression on Celia's heart. For he was not one of those gentlemen who languish after the unattainable Sappho's apple that laughs from the topmost bough—the charms which

> "Smile like the knot of cowslips on the cliff,
> Not to be come at by the willing hand."

He had no sonnets to write, and it could not strike him agreeably that he was not an object of preference to the woman whom he had preferred. Already the knowledge that Dorothea had chosen Mr. Casaubon had bruised his attachment and relaxed its hold. Although Sir James was a sportsman, he had some other feelings toward women than toward grouse and foxes, and did not regard his future wife in the light of prey, valuable chiefly for the excitements of the chase. Neither was he so well acquainted with the habits of primitive races as to feel that an ideal combat for her, tomahawk in hand, so to speak, was necessary to the historical continuity of the marriage tie. On the contrary, having the amiable vanity which knits us to those who are fond of us, and disinclines us to those who are indifferent, and also a good, grateful nature, the mere idea that a woman had a kindness toward him spun little threads of tenderness from out his heart toward hers.

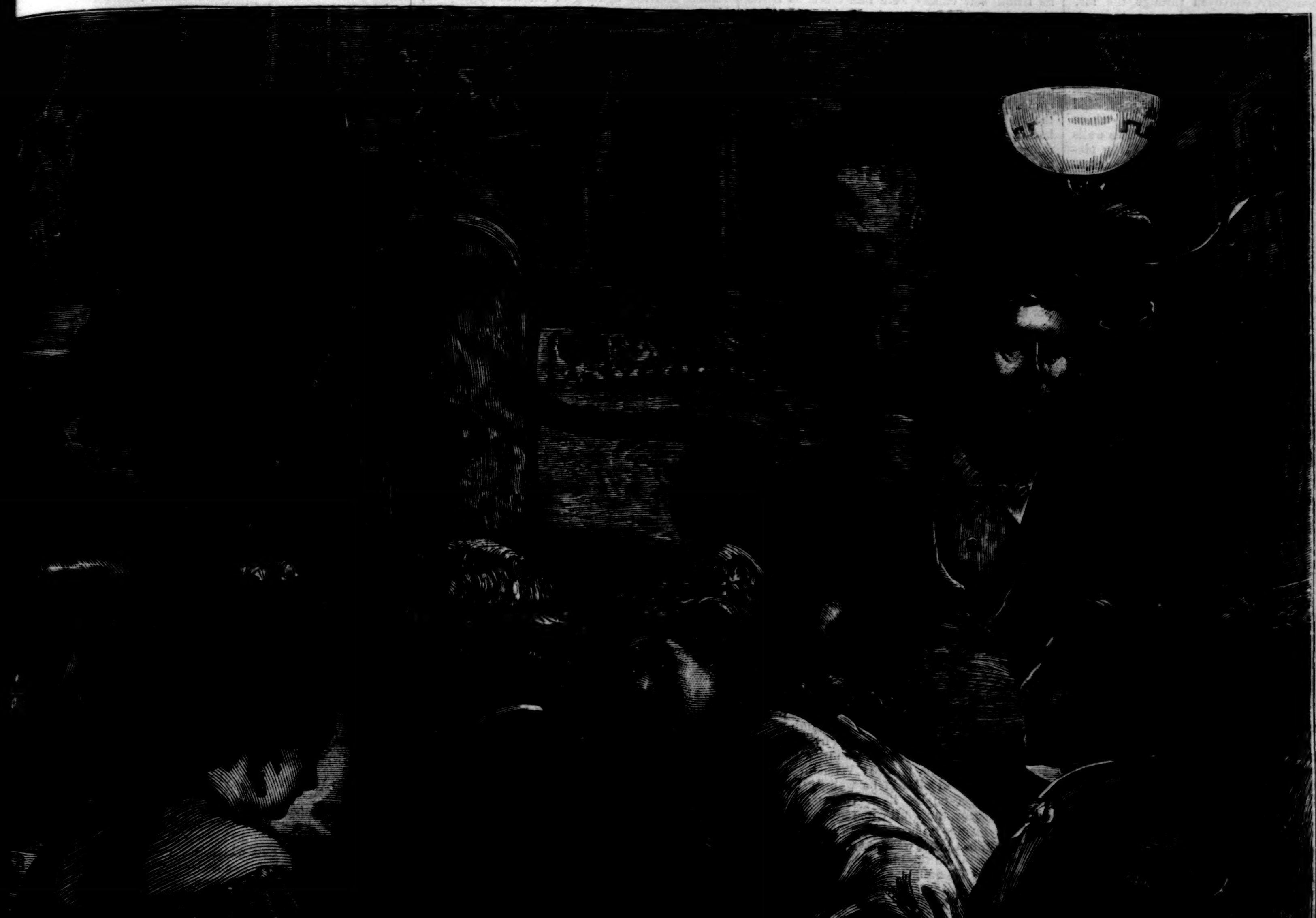
Thus it happened that after Sir James had ridden rather fast for half an hour in a direction away from Tipton Grange, he slackened his pace, and at last turned into a road which would lead him back by a shorter cut. Various feelings wrought in him the determination, after all, to go to the Grange to-day as if nothing new had happened. He could not help rejoicing that he had never made the offer and been rejected; mere friendly politeness required that he should call to see Dorothea about the cottages; and now happily Mrs. Cadwallader had prepared him to offer his congratulations, if necessary, without showing too much awkwardness. He really did not like it: giving up Dorothea was very painful to him; but there was something in the resolve to make this visit forthwith, and conquer all show of feeling, which was a sort of file-biting and counter-irritant. And without his distinctly recognizing the impulse, there certainly was present in him the sense that Celia would be there, and that he should pay her more attention than he had done before.

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner-time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh, nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.



WITCHCRAFT —[See

Glendower. "I can ca from
Hotspur. "Why, so c so can
But will they co you do



—[See Page 1226.]

FROM THE VASTY DEEP."
SO CAN ANY MAN;
YOU DO CALL FOR THEM?"
King Henry IV., Part I., Act iii., Scene 1.

WITCHCRAFT IN 1871.

Mr. Walter Thornbury, the well-known English *littérateur*, has written an amusing letter to a London newspaper, which will serve to explain our double-page illustration this week. Rendered curious by the spiritualistic marvels which were currently reported of corpulent ladies being miraculously conveyed through the air, and of a gentleman being shot in a trance head-foremost from an open window seventy feet from the ground, and then calmly returning in the moonlight, until his boots floated several inches above the window-sill—astounded by these wonders, Mr. Thornbury determined to use his own eyes at a *séance*, and accordingly proceeded to a noted spiritualistic gathering-place, where he paid half a crown for admission. The walls were ornamented with some weird-looking pictures, there were some paper-gilt speaking-trumpets on the table, there was a piano-forte in one corner of the room, and the windows were carefully closed. About fourteen persons were present. Presently two professional mediums entered. They requested the visitors to join hands, the gas was turned down (this important operation is represented in the picture), and the *séance* began. At length one of the mediums was heard gurgling and groaning, and, on the gas being turned up, was discovered "with his head twisted, like a young Laocoön, in the folds of a red table-cloth. He disentangled himself with a disturbed, suffering air." Next a tremendous gruff bass voice hailed the company. This emanated from the spirit of "John King," a notorious pirate of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. King seems to have said nothing of any interest, but "a few minutes afterward there were sounds of violent blows, several skeptics were struck on the head by John King's speaking-trumpet, a sofa-cushion was flung at me, while an antimacassar was thrown in the face of another gentleman." After this a spirit named "Kate" appeared; but she merely said something about "Jenny Jones, of Hampstead," and then withdrew. Sometimes, it is said, this gay spirit administers a kiss all round. Altogether, the *séance* seems to have been a failure—indeed, one of the mediums admitted that what had been heard and seen was not enough to convert any skeptic, but that the conditions appeared to be unfavorable. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Thornbury quitted the apartment in a hardened state of unbelief.

THE FIR CONES.

AN IDYL OF CHRISTMAS-EVE.

"Well, the old tree has gone at last," said the farmer as he latched the heavy door, and began to stamp the snow from his boots.

"What tree?" cried a girl's voice, as the whir of the busy wheel suddenly slackened. "Oh, father, not the Lovers' Tree—the old fir? Surely thou canst not mean *that?*"

"No other, Hilda—the Lovers' Tree, under which thy mother and I exchanged our troth-plight more than twenty years back. Hey, dame?" And he turned with a smile to where his wife sat in the sunset light, humming a low tune to the accompaniment of her clicking needles. She smiled back in answer.

"Yes, Paul, and my mother as well; and thine too, I'll be bound, for she also was a Brelau girl. All Brelau knows the fir—a hundred years old it was, they say."

"More than that," said the farmer. "My grandfather courted his lass under its shade, and his father did the same. Add a hundred and fifty to your hundred, and it won't be so far amiss, wife. But it has fallen at last. There'll be no more maidens wooed and won under the Lovers' Tree. Thou hast lost thy chance, Hilda." And he turned fondly to his girl.

"That was indeed a terrible wind last night," went on the dame. "It rocked the bed till it waked me from my sleep. Did it rouse thee also, Liebchen?"

But Hilda responded neither to word nor look. She had left her wheel, had crossed the room, and now stood gazing from the window to where across the valley the green obelisk of the old fir had risen. Men were moving about the spot where once it stood, and the ring of axes on the frosty air told that already the frugal peasantry were at work; and the pride of the village, confidant of many secrets, was now in process of reduction to the level of vulgar fire-wood.

In rushed two children. "Hast thou heard the news?" they cried. "The Lovers' Tree is blown down! All the people are up there chopping. May we go too, and see them chop? We will bring home all the cones to build the Christmas fire. Ah, do let us go, mother; fir cones blaze so magnificently."

"You are such little ones, you will get in the way of the axes and be hurt," replied their mother, fondling them.

But the farmer said,

"Yes, let them go; we will all go. Get thy cloak, Ursula, and thy woolen hood. We will see the old tree once more before he is carried away. Wilt thou come too, Hilda?"

But Hilda shook her head, and did not turn or answer. The children rioted about, searching for baskets and fagot strings; but she neither moved nor spoke. Then the door closed, and all was quiet in the cottage. But still Hilda stood in the window, looking with dreamy, unseeing eyes across the valley to the opposite hill-side.

She was looking upon a picture—a picture which nobody would ever see again; upon the venerable tree, beloved of all Brelau, which, for more years than men could count, had stood there watching the tide of human life ebb and flow, as some majestic old man might stand with children playing about his kindly knees. Whole generations of lovers had held tryst under its shade. Kisses had been interchanged, vows murmured—the old, old story of human love, of human joy, of hope, of longing, of trust, had been repeated and repeated there, age after age, and still the old tree guarded its secrets well, as in days of greenest youth, and still bent to listen like a half-human friend. White arms clasped its trunk, soft cheeks were laid there, as if the rough bark could feel responsive thrill. Two centuries of loving and listening had mellowed its heart. The boughs seemed to whisper meanings to those who sought their shade—gay songs to the young, counsels to the burdened, benedictions to those who, bowed down with trouble, came, black-clad and sorrowful, to look across the valley where once the purple lights of hope had met their eyes. "Wait," the rustling murmur seemed to say to such; "only wait—wait, as I have waited, and you shall be made exceedingly glad. Behold, the day dawns and the shadows fly away!" And though the heavy heart might not comprehend the whispered words, something seemed lifted from the weight of sadness, and the mourners departed, comforted, knowing not why.

But not upon a vague picture only did Hilda look. German girls can keep their own counsel as well as girls of other nations. And for all her father's joking she had not "lost her chance" under the Lovers' Tree. Often had she sat there—sat there not alone—and now in thought she was there again. She heard a voice—she leaned to meet a kiss. "Wilhelm," she faltered, and then the vision dissolved in a mist of hot and rushing tears. In the old fir she seemed to lose a friend, an intercessor. Oh, why had this unhappy quarrel arisen? Why had she and Wilhelm loved at all, if only to be so unhappy in the end?

But, in truth, it is very easy for lovers to quarrel. Like particles of electric matter, the two natures near, attract, repel. The fire that leaps from either soul, responsive to kindred fire, fuses or destroys. A hint, a suspicion, jealousy, mistrust, the thousand and one small chances of life, come between, and all is over. Only

> "The little pitted speck in garnered fruit"

is needful. A trifle, or what seemed a trifle, had been the beginning of mischief between Hilda and Wilhelm, but the breach had slowly widened till now, when for weeks they had neither met nor spoken, and the idyl begun under summer boughs was withering in time of frost like summer flowers.

To the old tree, and to him alone, did the girl confide her wretchedness. In his dumb ear she owned herself in the wrong. "Why do you not say so?" the responsive murmur seemed to breathe. "Wilhelm is true! Wilhelm is kind! only a word, and all will be well." But pride laid his finger on her lips. She neglected the kindly monitor, the word came not, and now the dear old fir was gone; and thinking of these things, Hilda's heart was very sad.

Meantime upon the hill-side a great crowd of people were assembled about the fallen trunk. Old men and women, with wistful eyes, stood there; comely middle-aged pairs, surrounded by children; young girls and their bachelors; boys with fresh rosy faces and wondering eyes—all alike had come to see once more the face of the village friend. Merrily rang the axes upon the wood. Some looked sad, some merry, as the work went on. There was much interchange of "Do you remembers," much laughing and joking, a few tears. The children with their baskets ran about picking up the bright cones which once hung like a coronet upon the forehead of the fir. Here and there a woman stooped for a chip or a small twig to carry away as relic. And then it began to grow dark. The people recollected themselves, as people will after doing a sentimental thing, and saw that it was time to go home. So in contented crowds they descended the hill to their suppers, and threw billets of the old fir on the fire, and beside the blaze partook of sausage and cheese, and laughed and gossiped no less merrily than usual, and the funeral of the old tree was over.

"We will keep all our cones, and the big fagot which Fritz tied up, until day after to-morrow," said little Gretchen; "because, you know, day after to-morrow comes Christmas-eve, and the Christ-child must be sure to find a good fire."

No one gainsaid this, so the cradle was laid aside.

All next day, and the next, did Hilda labor busily, throwing herself with feverish energy into the Christmas preparations. There was a plenty to do. The furniture must shine its brightest, veal and puddings be made ready for spit and oven, green boughs be hung every where, and, above all, the tree must be prepared. Hard and continually she worked, and as the sun set on the blessed eve all was in order. A vast fire crackled on the hearth of the "big room," thrown open in honor of the festival. Its bright blaze was reflected back from the polished panels of the tall corner clock, and danced on the rosy apples and glossy filberts of the still unlighted tree, which stood, green and magnificent, beyond. Little fruit of value did this wonderful tree bear. Jackets, stockings, leather shoes, loaded the lower boughs; above was a flowering of warm hoods and gay neckcloths—there was a wooden cow for Gretchen, a trumpet of red tin for little Paul; but the useful and the necessary predominated. Tender hands had arranged all, had hung the many-colored tapers, crowned the whole with bright-berried stems, and, in the moss at the foot, laid reverently a tiny straw cradle, with waxen occupant, in memory of that resting-place in the Bethlehem manger where once a "young child lay." And now, pale and tired, Hilda stood gazing upon her finished work.

"Sister, sister!" clamored eager voices through the closed door, "hasn't the Christ-child come yet?"

"No, dears, not yet. Go away and play quietly in the kitchen. I'll call you when he comes."

The little footsteps retreated, and Hilda seated herself before the fire with a weary sigh. It would be an hour or more before her father would return, and the lighting of the tree begin; so, leaning back in the high carved chair, she gave herself up to rest of body, leaving her mind to rove listlessly as it would.

The basket of cones stood beside the hearth. Half mechanically she stooped for a handful, and threw them on the blaze. Then a certain drowsy peace came over her, broken only by the flickering noise of the burning cones. They did not burn like other cones, she thought, and even as the idea floated through her brain, a strange, phantasmal change passed over them. Moving and blending, they began to build a picture in the heart of the fire—the picture of a tree, drawn in flaming lines. Hilda knew the tree. It was the old fir of Brelau, complete in limb and trunk. And, as she gazed, figures formed themselves beneath the boughs—figures as of people sitting there, which moved and scintillated, and, swaying toward each other, seemed to clasp and kiss. She uttered a low cry of pain. At the sound the scene shifted, the tree dissolved as in fiery rain, and the cones, raising themselves and climbing upward, stood ranged in a group on the topmost log, like a choir of musicians about to play. Strange notes seemed to come from the blaze, low and humming, like a whispered prelude, then voices began to speak, or to sing—which was it?—in tones which sounded oddly near, and yet infinitely far away. It was like a chorus of elves sung to the accompaniment of rustling leaves. And all the time it went on certain brightly flaming cones, which took precedence, emphasized the music with a succession of quick, glancing sparks, darting out like tiny finger-points, as if to attract attention.

"Look at us! look at us!" were the words of the strange *staccato* chant which sounded from the fire. "We are all light and glorious as your love used to be—used to be. It isn't so any longer." Then other cones, half burned and crusted over with white ashes, pushed forward and took up the strain in sad recitative: "Look at us! look at us, Hilda! We are as your love is now—is now. Ah, there will be worse to come ere long!" And all the time they sang, glowing strongly from within, they fixed what seemed eyes, red and winking, on Hilda's face. Then the ashes from below, drifting upward in an odd, aimless way, formed themselves into a shadowy shape, and began to sing in low, muffled tones, full of sadness. "We are dead, Hilda," was their song; "all dead! dead as your love will be—will be—before long." And at the close of the strain all the cones closed together, and emitted a sigh so profound and so melancholy that Hilda started from her chair. Tears stood upon her cheeks. She stared at the fire with strange excitement. It was burning quietly now, and without noise. She was certainly awake. Had she been dreaming?

Just at that moment the latch of the door clicked slightly, and somebody entered, slowly, hesitatingly, propelled from behind by a childish figure. "Hilda," said Gretchen's voice, "here's Wilhelm wanting to see the father. I told him to come in, because *perhaps* the father was here, or else the mother." And Gretchen's eyes explored the room in search of the Christ-child, for a glimpse of whom she had resorted to this transparent device. Then, alarmed by Hilda's stony silence, she suddenly hung her head, and, rushing out, clapped the door behind her, and left the two alone.

Hilda gave a gasp of bewilderment. She could not move. Was this part of the vision? Wilhelm stole one furtive glance at her face, then dropped his eyes. For a moment perfect stillness prevailed, then, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other in his embarrassment, the young man muttered something undistinguishable, and turned. His hand was on the door—a moment more and he would be gone. Hilda started forward.

"Wilhelm!" she exclaimed, with the hoarse utterance of one who seeks to escape from some frightful dream.

Wilhelm turned. He saw the pale, agitated face, the eyes brimmed with tears, the imploring, outstretched hands. Another second and he held her in his arms. The familiar touch melted the ice of Hilda's heart, her head sank upon his breast, and in a few broken words all was spoken and explained.

So brief an interval and all life changed! The same intense feeling which drove them asunder drew them as inevitably together now, that once the returning tides had chance to flow. Clasped in close embrace, with tears and smiles and loving self-reproachings, they stood before the fire; and as they bent for their first reconciled kiss, the fir cones, flashing once more into life and activity, rose upon the topmost log. Even the burned and blackened ones glowed with fresh fire. Hand in hand, as it were, they climbed into position, and leaped and capered side by side as if merrily dancing, while little jubilant cracks and clicks and sounds, as of small hands clapped for joy, accompanied the movement. Then suddenly the splendor faded, and sinking with one consent into ashes, the cones sifted through the logs and vanished forever, their mission accomplished, their work done.

With eyes of amazement the lovers gazed upon the spectacle to its close. As the last spark faded Hilda laid her head again on Wilhelm's breast.

"Ah!" she said, tenderly sighing, "the dear old fir! He loved us well, Wilhelm, and that was his 'good-by.'"

Perhaps it was!

THE CHAIN-GANG IN HAVANA.

On page 1228 we give a picture showing the chain-gang at work in the plaza in front of the cathedral in Havana. Always a revolting spectacle, it is now doubly so since the condemnation of the youthful medical students who were guilty of the desecration of the grave of Castanon some weeks ago. Shameful and exasperating as that act of folly was, the punishment was inexpressibly cruel and shocking. The fate of the boys who were condemned to be shot was happy in comparison with that of their comrades who were sentenced to the chain-gang. This is a punishment usually reserved for desperate criminals, whom nothing else will tame; and these delicately nurtured boys are held in close personal contact with the vilest and most disgusting specimens of depraved humanity. All the condemned students were under age, and several of those who are now wearing out their lives in the chain-gang are not more than fifteen years old. Without the strength to support the strain upon their physical system, broken in heart, and subjected every day to the harshest and most cruel treatment, we are not surprised to learn that their punishment is killing them. They were really sentenced to die by torture. Shooting would have been a more merciful punishment.

It is said that if the Captain-General had been in Havana when the trial was held, he would not have permitted such an outrage upon justice and humanity. The world will believe this when it sees him repair, as far as lies in his power, the wrong permitted by his lieutenant. He can not, indeed, bring the dead to life, but he can save the lives of the poor boys who are being tortured to death in the chain-gang.

Our illustration shows how the chain is secured about the ankle and to the waist. It is put on so as to give the utmost amount of discomfort and misery. No sound is more shocking than the clank of these chains when the gang is passing through the streets.

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

A picture like that on page 1228—in which our artist shows an innocent little girl looking, in wondering bewilderment and awe, through the bars of a cell where a young woman has thrown herself down on the rude pallet—is a sermon in itself; not a sermon of harsh reproach of sin, but of Christian charity. We can not but reflect that the poor creature, in whom all sense of shame has not died out, was once a little girl herself, as pure and innocent as the one from whose gaze she tries to hide her face, and that she may have been brought to her present condition by circumstances over which she had no control.

The fault of many good people—especially those who have never been tried by severer temptations than such as are openly confessed in prayer-meetings, and which, for the most part, are imaginary rather than real—is that they have no charity for less fortunate people who fall through sore temptation. People whose heaviest "cross" is disinclination to perform religious duties—such as attending church, being constant at prayer-meetings, reading the Bible, etc.—can hardly make allowance for those who fall through temptations to which their own petty trials are but as the shadow of a passing cloud to the blackness of midnight; and they are too often harsh and cruel when they should be forbearing and tender.

> *"What's done we partly may compute,*
> *But know not what's resisted,"*

says Burns in one of his most thoughtful poems; and this truth should make us charitable to all who have been less fortunate than ourselves.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have already announced the departure of the United States Coast Survey exploring steamer *Hassler* upon that scientific mission which, under the direction of Professor Agassiz, will doubtless be productive of very important results. Just before starting on the expedition Professor Agassiz addressed a communication to the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, in which he ventured to assume the character of a prophet, by stating in advance what it was probable would crown their efforts in the way of novelty and value.

The professor makes this communication in the hope of showing within what limits natural history has advanced toward that point of maturity when science may anticipate the discovery of facts. Basing his expectations upon the ascertained principles of science, and taking into consideration the relationships between different forms of animal life, and the succession of geological epochs, and in view of the very interesting results of later deep-sea dredging expeditions in the North Atlantic, he anticipates the discovery, "from the greater depth of the ocean, of representatives resembling those types of animals which were prominent in earlier geological periods, or bear a closer resemblance to younger stages of the higher members of the same types, or to the lower forms which take their place nowadays."

Making no suggestion in regard to mammals, he remarks that if reptiles exist in the deep waters, they must be only such as are related to the extinct types of the Jurassic periods, such as the ichthyosauri, plesiosauri, and pterodactyls; but even of these he thinks there is very little probability that any representatives are still alive.

Among the fishes he expects to discover some marine representatives of the order of ganoids of the principal types known from the secondary zoological period. Among the sharks he thinks he shall find new forms allied to *cestracion*, or *hybodon*, or *odontaspis*, as also new genera of chimæroids; and among ordinary fishes the allies of *beryx*, *elops*, etc. It is among the mollusks and radiates that objects of the greatest interest will probably be met with; and chief among these will be nautiloid cephalopods—perhaps even ammonites—and forms only known hitherto in the fossil state. Among *acephala* he anticipates forms resembling those from the Jurassic and cretaceous deposits in great variety; while *rudistes* will take the place of oysters, and *brachiopods* be found very abundant.

Among *crustacea* it is not at all impossible that forms may be found resembling trilobites; while among echinoderms he confidently expects to meet with spalangoids approaching *holaster*, and others akin to *dysaster*, etc.

A careful comparison of the members of the deep-sea fauna of the northern and southern hemispheres will probably prove of the greatest interest, and, judging from the peculiarities of the land and shore fauna of Australia, it is likely that the deep-sea animals will be equally divergent, and represent forms of great interest, and especially of an extremely antique type.

The professor also hopes that much light will be thrown upon the subject of the geology of the southern hemisphere, and upon the general features of the drift, since all the phenomena related to the glacial period must be found in the southern hemisphere with the same essential characteristics as in the northern, yet with this difference, that every thing must be reversed; that is, the trend of the glacial abrasion must be from the south northward; the lee side of the abraded rocks must be on the north side of hills and mountain ranges, and the boulders must have been derived from rocky exposures lying to the south of their present position. This point, however, must be established by observation. The professor thinks this will be found to be the case, with the exception, perhaps, of the present glaciers of Terra del Fuego and Patagonia.

In reply to the possible inquiry as to what the question of drift has to do with deep-sea dredging, he remarks that this connection is closer than may at first appear. If drift is not of glacial origin, but the product of marine currents, its formation at once becomes a matter for the Coast Survey to investigate; but he expresses the belief that it will be found that, so far from being accumulated by the sea, the drift of the low lands of Patagonia has been worn away to its present extent by the continued encroachment of the ocean, in the same manner as the northern shores of South America and of Brazil have been.

We have announced the discovery at Marseilles, on the 18th of September, by M. Borelli, of a new asteroid, supposed to be number 116, which he named *Lomia*. Another new one was discovered on the 11th of September, however, by Dr. Peters, of Hamilton College, New York, the same body having been observed six days afterward by Luther, at Bilk. On this account it has become necessary to exchange the numbers of these new asteroids, that of Dr. Peters constituting the 116th, while Lomia must be numbered 117.

Among the explorations of the past season in the interest of natural history, one of the most important and productive in its results was that of Professor E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, well known for his indefatigable researches in regard to the recent and fossil vertebrates of America. The field of his labors was mainly in the valley of the Smoky Hill Fork of the Republican River, in Kansas, where, under the protection of an escort of seventy-five soldiers, commanded by Captain Butler, and detailed by order of General Pope, he spent seventeen days in the diligent prosecution of his labors. As is well known to American paleontologists, this region is one of the richest in the world in fossil remains of reptiles and fishes. Of these a large number of specimens were obtained by Professor Cope, many of extraordinary magnitude, and some of them entirely new to science. More or less complete series were obtained of the bones of animals previously known only by a few fragments, thus supplying much better information as to their affinities and position in the systems. Nearly the entire skeleton of a large fish, provided with teeth of immense power, was exhumed. This animal is to bear the name of *Portheus molossus*; and its remains occurred in such abundance as to demonstrate that it must have been a characteristic and very formidable inhabitant of the cretaceous seas.

Another discovery was that of a reptilian form related to or intermediate between the tortoises and serpents. The ribs of this animal were long and attenuated; but instead of being united in the carapace, as in the tortoise, remained separate, possibly united by membrane. If built at all on the chelonian pattern, the expanse would have been at least twenty feet. This is to be called *Protostega gigas*.

During his explorations in 1870 Professor Marsh ascertained the existence of a species of pterodactyl, or flying lizard, in the cretaceous strata of the West, and additional specimens of the same or another species were found by Professor Cope during the expedition just referred to. The most gigantic reptiles met with by him this year were species of *liodon*, *polycotylus*, and *elasmosaurus*. Of these *liodon* was found most abundantly, and one specimen will probably prove to be the largest of all known reptiles. *Elasmosaurus* had the most massive body, and must have presented an extraordinary appearance, in consequence of the great length of its neck.

We have already referred occasionally to investigations prosecuted during the past summer, on the great lakes, into the fauna and physical condition of the deeper waters; and we find in the last number of *Silliman's Journal* a more detailed account of that portion of the work carried on in Lake Superior, upon the United States steamer *Search*, under the direction of General Comstock, of the Lake Survey, as reported by Mr. Sidney J. Smith, the zoologist of the expedition.

The deepest water met with was 169 fathoms, the bottom being there covered, as in all the deeper portions of the lake, with a uniform deposit of clay or clay mud; and not the slightest trace of saline matter was detected in the water in any part of the lake. The temperature, every where below thirty or forty fathoms, varied very little from 39° F., although, in August, it varied at the surface from 50° to 55°. The fauna at the bottom was found to correspond to these physical conditions. In the shallow waters the species vary down to thirty or forty fathoms, after which the deep-water fauna begins, and the species appear to be uniformly distributed. The list of species is meagre, and the deep-water region is characterized rather by the absence of many of the shore species than by the presence of any peculiar class. The same crustaceans and marine forms met with in 1870 in Lake Michigan were also found here abundantly, together with the same species of *pisidium*; and some of the crustaceans have so far been undistinguishable from those found in Lake Wetter, in Sweden. The detailed account, of which that in the *Journal of Science* is an abstract, appears in the report of the chief engineer of the army to the Secretary of War, just presented to Congress. (Report of Secretary of War, vol. ii. p. 1020.)

Mr. Robert H. Scott, in a recent article in *Nature* upon the forms of cloud, refers to one mentioned by Professor Poey as quite new to meteorologists, and as having been met with by him on two occasions only, and remarks that according to Dr. Clouston it is common in Scotland, where it is called the "pocky cloud," and is much dreaded as a prognostication of stormy weather. This he describes as a series of dark, cumulus-looking clouds, like festoons of dark drapery, over a considerable portion of the sky, with the lower edge well defined (as if each festoon, or "pock," were filled with something heavy), generally one series of festoons lying over another, so that the light spaces between resemble an Alpine chain of white-peaked mountains. It is essential that the lower edge be well defined, for a similar cloud, with the lower edge of the festoons fringed or shaded away, is sometimes seen, and is followed by rain only.

Mr. Diamilla-Müller writes to the president of the Academy of Sciences of Paris to say that Professor Denza, Father Secchi, and himself have been appointed a committee to make experiments both inside the Mont Cenis Tunnel and exterior to it, in regard to the oscillation of the pendulum and the absolute magnetic intensity, and asks for the loan of a pendulum with the Repsold reversion. This, however, he is informed can not be done, as there is no such instrument at present procurable in Paris, owing to the breaking up of all the shops where fine instruments were constructed.

The Copenhagen journals announce the recent death in that city of Mr. Olrik, well known to all travelers in Greenland as the Royal Inspector of North Greenland, and since 1863 as Director of the Colonies resident in Copenhagen. Constant reference is made to this gentleman in the narratives of our American explorers, and to the assistance rendered by him while residing at Godhaven. He is succeeded as Director of the Colonies by Dr. Rink, whose reputation as a man of science and as a gentleman is not inferior to that of Mr. Olrik.

Two thousand cuttings of the Ramie plant have lately been given away in San Francisco by Mr. Sneath to those who would take them and give them proper care in cultivation. In a very short time the whole were distributed, application for them being made by persons from all parts of California.

Mr. Henry Lecoq, who lately died at Clermont-Ferrand, in France, was known during life as an eminent botanist and geologist, and in his death has proved himself a benefactor to science and to his fellow-citizens. Thirty thousand dollars have been left by him to the town of Clermont, of which one-third is to be applied to the uses of the Garden of Plants, another third to the introduction of water into the city, and the remainder to the establishment of covered markets, the want of which has long been severely felt. His entire collections in natural history, geology, botany, etc., are also given to the city.

A Society of Arts, Sciences, and Letters has just been started at Winona, Minnesota, in connection with the first State Normal School in that place, having for its objects the collection of facts and materials looking toward the determination of the natural history, archæology, and general literature of the United States.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Christmas comes but once a year," is the old proverb, which seems to give a tacit permission to young and old to allow themselves some extra indulgences in the way of recreations, social enjoyments, and in the giving and receiving of gifts. With us Christmas is not observed strictly as a religious festival, nor is the day devoted to gross banqueting and divers excesses. From every nation we seem to have gathered some special custom, and uniting all together, celebrate our American Christmas. As time has softened the austere manners and strong prejudices which were the heritage from our Puritan and Knickerbocker ancestors, our observance of this day has grown more social and genial. For once in the year free-hearted generosity prevails; even the veriest old "Scrooge" is surprised into the bestowment of gifts and charities. The traditional stocking and the bright Christmas-tree are loaded with tokens of loving hearts, while the merry little folks delight in the pleasant fiction of ruddy, white-bearded, smiling Santa Claus, with his famous sleighful of toys, his harnessed reindeers, his fur cap and big boots, his short pipe and bag of "goodies." "Once a year" staid old folks pardon the young ones if they scream with excited joy, if they dance and frolic wildly, if they come into possession of more toys than they can manage, if they lie wide awake at midnight hours, and even if—as is too often the case—they make themselves sick with sweetmeats and candies. "Once a year" all is freedom and gladness. The purse-strings are loosened, not merely for trees and toys and Christmas puddings, but also for the bestowment of substantial gifts to the needy. With the English gentleman of olden time charity was the first duty of the day. Let not this be forgotten among the other customs which we have drawn from European nations, but bear in mind another proverb, or, rather, an exhortation in rhyme:

"At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small."

In the year 1856 the young Grand Duke accompanied his parents to their coronation at Moscow, and was then, for the first time, presented to the assembled representatives of the vast Russian empire. When his mother, the new Empress—a beautiful woman, yet with the traces of the sufferings she had undergone for years very marked in her features—appeared surrounded by her children, and bearing little Alexis in her arms, there was such a joyous shout as has seldom welcomed the scion of an imperial house.

On Thanksgiving-day two Boston brothers met to enjoy the socialities of the festive occasion. One had been successful in the business of life, the other not. The mother of the two had died and left her fortune of $30,000 to be divided between them. The brother who had enough and to spare made Thanksgiving-day the pleasant time for transferring his share of the inheritance to the other.

Why should from twenty to forty passengers in the street cars be compelled to endure a continual current of cold air while the conductor collects fare from those standing on the front platform? If passengers are allowed on the front platform, this practice, dangerous to health and life, should not be suffered to continue.

From "Niles's Register," published in 1818, we learn that at that time, more than fifty years ago, Christmas was partially observed in Boston on the 25th of December by a recommendation in the public papers to abstain from business, and by some concerts of sacred music in the evening. In New York some of the stores were shut up, but the theatre was open in the evening. In Philadelphia about one-half of the people paid some attention to the day; but in Baltimore and to the southward of it the stores were shut up, the banks closed, and business suspended as on a Sunday. The churches also were for the most part opened in the morning, and the afternoon was given to refreshment and mirth, being an almost universal holiday.

A Western poem on the burning of Chicago thus describes the origin of the fire:

"That night a woman, at the hour of nine,
Went in a barn to milk a cow, and when
The beast kicked o'er her lamp, as vicious kine
Will sometimes do, it lit some straw and boards
of pine."

This sublime introduction, with what follows it, so affects the Chicago *Republican* that it offers to cheerfully publish the obituary notice of the "poet" free, if any body will find him and kill him.

Edinburgh ladies evidently intend to improve all the opportunities offered them. Twenty-eight have lately entered the University of Edinburgh, most of them for the purpose of studying medicine. Last year many professors objected to female students, but they have been overruled by the University Council, and must now submit.

A catalogue of all French publications from 1840 to 1865 has been recently completed by the German bookseller Lorenz, who is settled in Paris. The compilation has been a long and laborious work, and was interrupted by the involuntary flight of the editor from Paris a year ago. This comprehensive catalogue will be a great boon to librarians and all persons who desire to refer to the publications of French authors.

A favorite game, generally played on Christmas-eve in Old England, is known by the name of snapdragon. It is thus described: "A quantity of raisins is deposited in a large bowl or dish (the broader and shallower this is the better), and brandy or some other spirit is poured over the fruit and ignited. The bystanders now endeavor by turns to grasp a raisin by plunging their hands through the flames, and as this is somewhat of an arduous feat, requiring both courage and rapidity of action, a considerable amount of laughter and merriment is evoked at the expense of the unsuccessful competitors. The 'Song of the Snapdragon' is sung during the progress of the game, and it is usual to extinguish all the lights in the room, so that the lurid glare from the flaming spirits may exercise to the full its weird-like effect."

Seventeen persons were recently frozen to death in Saline County, Nebraska. A party of emigrants, with their families, were passing through the county westward, when, the cold constantly increasing, they concluded to camp and light a fire. They were on a high prairie, several miles from any house, but three miles from them was a piece of timber land. After unhitching their teams, the men started for this timber to procure fuel. Not returning for several hours, the women left their children to hunt for them. This is all that is known save that the next day the bodies of seventeen persons, who perished from the intense cold, were found. The children who were left in the wagons were the only survivors of the party.

A well-known student of human nature once said that a simple ball of twine would afford a boy more pleasure than an elaborate toy which could be made to do only one thing. There is no doubt of the truth of this statement. A child wants something to do his "own self." The toy that supplants the spontaneous planning and activity of a wide-awake boy is a poor one. We question whether the old-fashioned broomstick was not a more enjoyable steed for a smart little fellow than the elegantly caparisoned hobby-horses of to-day. We do not mean to intimate that pretty toys are not desirable for children. It is one of the pleasantest features of the holidays that so large a proportion of the sales go to brighten the lives of children. But let the selection of toys be wise and judicious. Give your boy and girl as much as possible to do for themselves in their play. Let invention and imagination have ample scope—these faculties will work fast enough if only they are not hindered. One almost fears, while examining the comprehensive catalogues of toys which wholesale dealers issue, that the wonderful inventions will all start off and play among themselves, and leave the children nothing to do but to stand and look on. When you choose your Christmas gifts bear in mind the universal desire of childhood to bring into active exercise all the unfolding faculties—to *do* something.

The Boston Fair for Dumb Animals received a donation from a discriminating philanthropist: $20 for kindness to horses, $15 for kindness to oxen and cows, and $10 for "less cats to destroy birds."

Plum-pudding is a famous Christmas dish both in America and in England. In other countries it has never flourished. It is related of a French king that, wishing to pay a particular compliment to an English embassador on Christmas-day, he got a recipe for a plum-pudding, and ordered his cook to make one, with strict regard to the directions. The chef of his majesty's kitchen mixed the ingredients with due care, and boiled them the prescribed length of time; every thing was attended to except one trifle—the king forgot the cloth; and the result was a curious sort of soup, served up in tureens.

Ruskin has given $25,000 for the endowment of the master of an art school at Oxford.

London journals have been discussing the difference between typhoid and typhus fevers. It is stated that they differ essentially in origin—typhus arising from want, overcrowding, and personal contagion; while typhoid is malarial in origin, and not contagious from person to person. It has been supposed that the Prince of Wales contracted the typhoid fever from some malarial influence experienced while on a visit to Lord Londesborough, in the neighborhood of Scarborough. He is said, however, to have had a severe chill following excessive heat and exertion in shooting, and this was the prelude to the disease. The Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, died from cold and fever said to have been produced by sitting in damp boots after returning from shooting. Prince Albert, the Queen's husband, died from the consequences of a neglected cold.

A pretty custom is practiced in Sweden, of hanging up in front of every house at Christmas a small sheaf of wheat for the winter provision of the birds, who, without this supply, would perish with hunger. Our useful little sparrow would gratefully remember those who would be equally mindful of his wants.

While in Boston the Grand Duke expressed a desire to witness the methods of instruction in the public schools. In accordance with the request of his highness, the visit to the primary, high, and normal schools was strictly private and informal, the teachers being informed of the approach of the party only a few moments before the Duke and suit entered. Alexis expressed great pleasure at what he witnessed, and asked that documents relating to the organization of the schools might be furnished him.

The present session of Congress bids fair to be a busy one. Over three hundred bills were on the calendar awaiting the action of the Senate, and about four hundred and fifty for the House, at the opening of the session.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Boys," said a school-teacher the other day, "what is the meaning of all that noise in school?" "It is Bill Smith, Sir, who is imitating a locomotive." "Come up here, William," said the teacher: "if you are turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

Horne Tooke, when asked by George III. why he never played at cards, replied, "I can not tell a king from a knave."

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth.

The brother of Beethoven signed his name, to distinguish himself from his landless brother, "—— von Beethoven, land-owner." The other signed his name, "Beethoven, brain-owner," to be equal with him.

A learned clergyman was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes, Sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord opened my mouth without any learning." "A similar event," retorted the clergyman, "took place in Balaam's time; but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

The best Form for the Democratic Party—Reform.

A story is told of a young man who was going out West to open a jewelry store. When asked what capital he had, he replied, "A crow-bar."

A countryman, walking along the streets of a town, found his progress stopped by a close barricade of timber. "What is that for?" he said to a person in the street. "Oh! that's to stop the cholera." "Ah! I have often heard of the board of health, but I never saw one before."

A Western editor lately returned a tailor's bill with the indorsement, "Your manuscript is declined; it is illegible."

"Mr. Post-office man, I want to pay the postage on this letter." "Single or double, miss?" "Double, Sir" (with a courtesy); "I was married last week."

A Notice of a Peal—Lightning.

A story is told of a person asking another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend money. "What! lend him money? You might give him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

A Bad Omen—To owe men money.

I've caught a cold—
I don't know how;
I go "k-chu-z!"
When I "k-chow!"
And when I try,
Like a Chinee,
To say "p-kttz!"
I say "k-chee!"

A brilliant genius, in speaking of the much-sought-for Northwest Passage, says that the idea is a grand one, very grand. But the best way would be to tunnel it.

It is difficult to understand why some people concern themselves about their lungs, when their lungs take air of themselves.

A Head Wind—A sneeze.

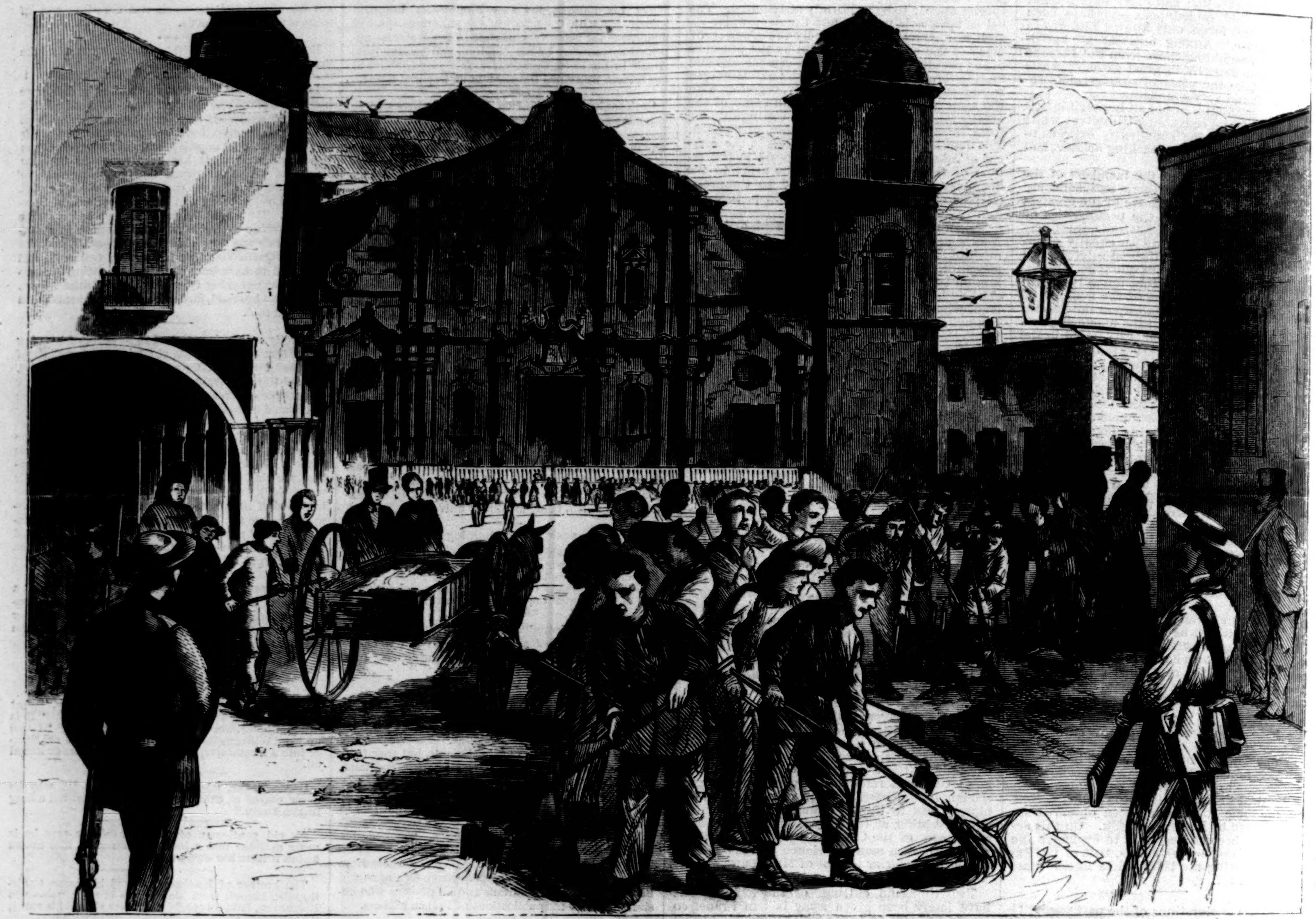
Quilp, when in Rome last winter, was beset by a friend with praises of the cheap dinners he obtained at the eating-house of a neighboring *traiteur*. He declined to share the dubious banquet for considerations of *feline*, declaring that the name of a Roman *traiteur* brought up associations of the Catty-line.

Somebody once asked Tom Corwin if he had heard a certain story of Lewis D. Campbell's. "Was it about himself?" inquired Mr. Corwin. "No, I believe not." "Well, then, I never heard it," said Mr. Corwin, gravely.

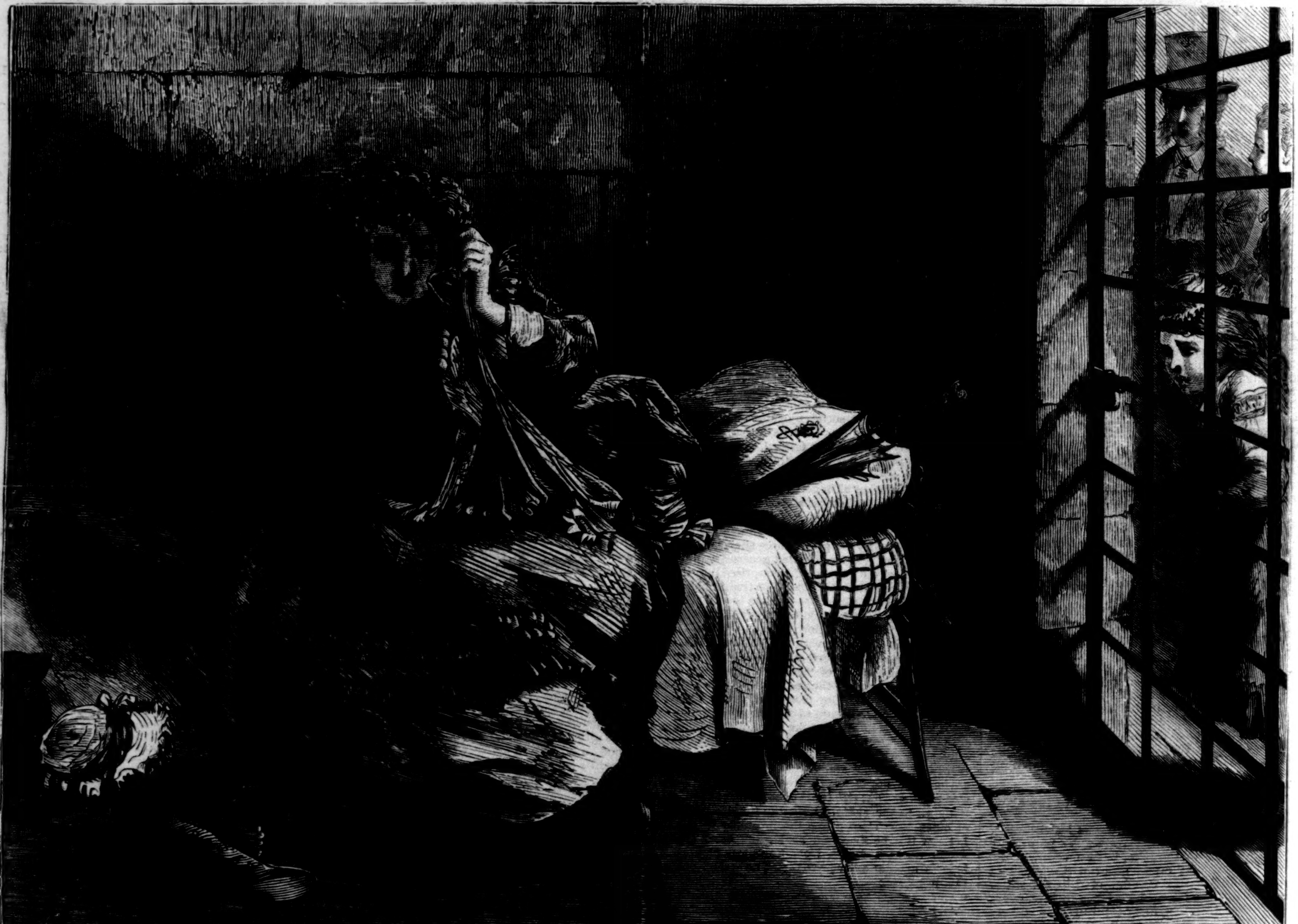
A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees strained at gnats, and swallowed camels.

Light Employment—Building castles in the air.

An old lady recently directed the attention of her husband to a pair of twins, remarking as she did so, "How much these two children do look alike, especially the one this way!"



CHAIN-GANG IN THE CATHEDRAL PLAZA, HAVANA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 1226.]



INNOCENCE AND GUILT.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 1226.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

For several weeks past the attention of the whole world has been irresistibly drawn to the palace of Sandringham, where **Albert Edward**, Prince of Wales, was lying sick unto death. The nature and severity of his disease seemed, almost from the beginning, to forbid hope of his recovery; but so great was the natural strength of his constitution that he several times rallied when all hope was gone, and at the moment we send this page to press his sickness has assumed a more favorable aspect. His danger has awakened the most intense sympathy, not only in England, but all over the world. His weaknesses and follies, and every trait of character which, during the last few years, has excited unfavorable criticism, and awakened fears in the public mind as to the consequences of his accession to the throne, have all been forgotten in sympathy for the man and for the royal family.

The Prince was born on the 9th of November, 1841, at Buckingham Palace, London. He received a careful and judicious training, first under the Rev. **Henry M. Birch**, and Mr. **Gibbs**, an eminent barrister-at-law. After studying for a session at Edinburgh, he entered Christchurch, Oxford, where he remained for a year, and afterward passed two terms at Cambridge. He was instructed in every department of liberal culture, and, so far as was possible, "plain living and high thinking" were made the controlling principles of his early life. His conduct at college seems to have been studious and exemplary. Lord Brougham spoke of him in terms of the highest praise. He said: "Of the Prince of Wales I have only to say that, as my learned friend, Sir **David Brewster**, the principal of that university [Edinburgh], can attest, he gained universal respect and esteem among all his teachers and among all his fellow-pupils. I will only add that soon after leaving Edinburgh, on a late occasion, I found that at Oxford he held precisely the same place in the esteem of his teachers and of his fellow-pupils."

On his seventeenth birthday he was appointed a colonel in the army. Soon afterward he went to Rome for the further prosecution of his studies, and remained in that city several months. His residence there was chiefly remarkable for his presentation, at his own request, to the Pope. For the first time in many centuries a prince of the blood royal of England was received by the Holy Father. In deference to the wishes of the Prince, the reception was conducted with little ceremony. On the entry of the Prince his Holiness advanced to the door to meet him, and led him to a seat. A brief conversation in French ensued, and the Prince then withdrew.

In the summer of 1860 the Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, visited America, and made an extended tour through Canada and the United States. With the exception of a few insignificant insults from Canadian Orangemen, and a demonstration in Richmond, Virginia, disgraceful to that city, his reception was enthusiastic. The grand ball given in his honor in New York is still remembered as a magnificent popular ovation.

Two years later the Prince traveled in the East, visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, and returning to England through Austria, Germany, and France. In February, 1863, he took his seat in the British House of Lords. On the 10th of the following month he was married to the Princess **Alexandra**, of Denmark, an amiable and beautiful woman, who immediately won the hearts of the English people. The marriage has been blessed with six children, of whom five are still living. Their names are: **Albert Victor**, born in 1864; **George**, born in 1865; **Louise**, born in 1867; **Alexandra**, born in 1868; and **Augusta**, born in 1869.

The seclusion of the Queen from public affairs, owing to her grief for the death of Prince **Albert**, brought the Prince more prominently into public life in the minor duties of royalty, such as holding levees and giving receptions. His last public act was a visit to Ireland last spring, undertaken in the hope of conciliating, by the exhibition of royal favor, the turbulent population of that island. The riot at Phenix Park, Dublin, and the subsequent disturbances which took place during his residence in the Vice-regal Lodge, brought the visit to a sudden and premature termination. The attempt to awaken the slumbering loyalty of the Irish people was abandoned, and the Prince and his party returned to England, convinced that something more substantial than the glitter and pageantry of a royal progress through the disaffected island was necessary to effect the desired object.

About the middle of last November it was rumored that the Prince was unwell, but no public anxiety was excited. The first medical bulletin in regard to his condition was issued from Sandringham on the 23d of that month, in the following words:

> His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. There are no unfavorable symptoms.
>
> William Jenner, M.D.
> William Gull, M.D.
> Oscar Clayton.
> John Lowe, M.D.

From this date bulletins were issued almost daily, giving the public, soon thoroughly alarmed, news of the progress and fluctuations of the disease. From the statement in a recent number of the London *Times* it appears that his illness was contracted during a recent visit to Lord Londesborough. In its issue of November 29, that paper said:

> Typhoid fever is known to be a zymotic fever, arising usually from a poison generated by sewage. The more severe effects of this poison are to produce the fever; its minor effects are to induce less serious forms of constitutional disturbance. Several of the members of the distinguished party assembled at Lord Londesborough's house, which is in the neighborhood of Scarborough, have suffered more or less severely from such symptoms. Lord Chesterfield, we regret to learn, has, since his return home, been attacked with typhoid fever in a very severe form. The symptoms declared themselves somewhat later than was the case with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, but the attack is apparently more severe.

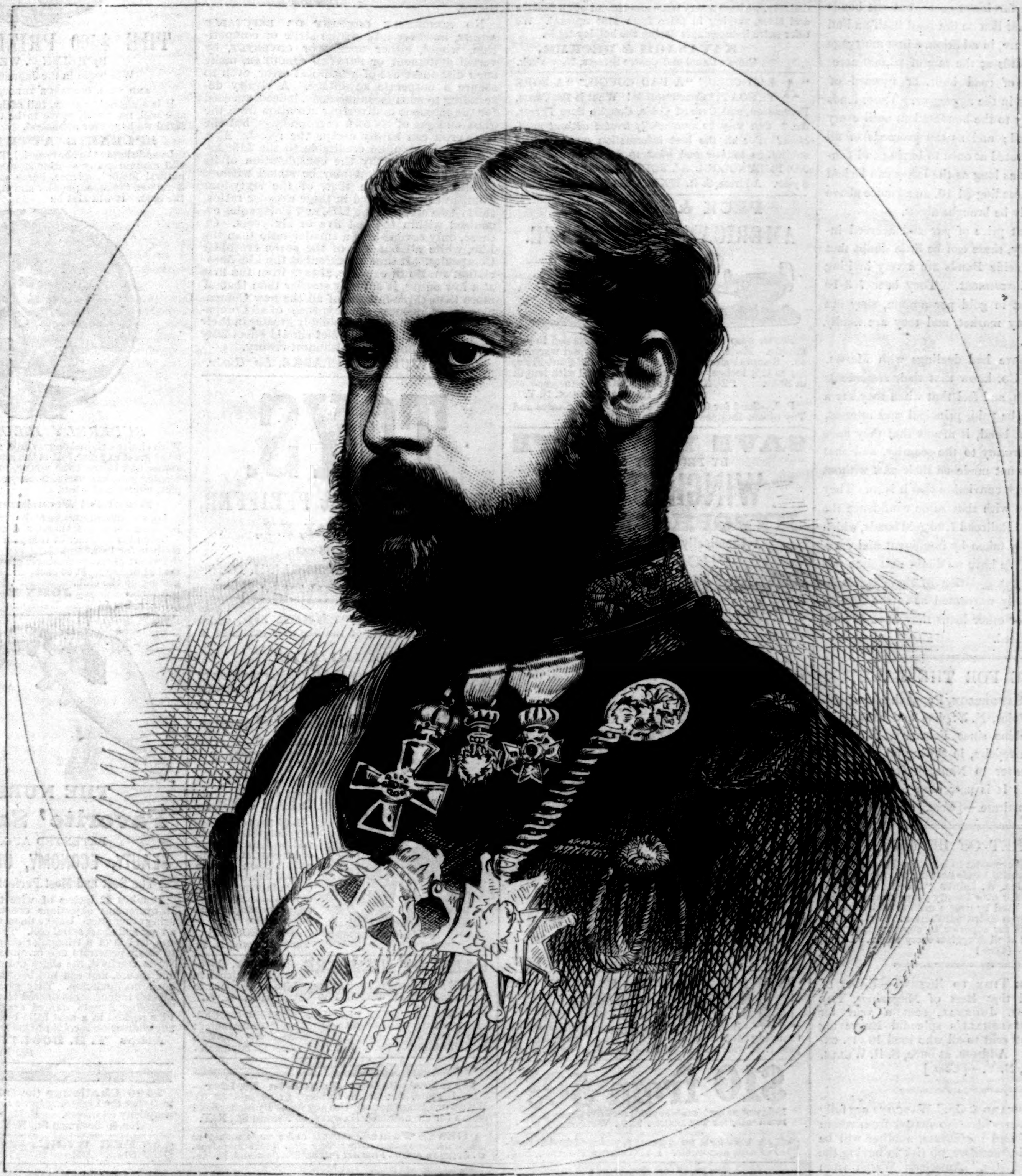
Lord Chesterfield died a few days afterward; and in the case of the Prince the disease soon assumed a graver type. He gradually grew worse, and became unconscious. Twice only had he a lucid interval—once, on the birthday of his wife, the 1st of December, when he exclaimed, in a natural tone of voice, "This is the Princess's birthday;" and on a later occasion, when something was said in his hearing about the Queen, and he asked: "Has the Queen arrived from Scotland? Does she know I am sick?"

His mother, his wife, and the Princess **Alice** were constantly at his bedside; and all the efforts of medical science were put forth to stay the progress of the disease. At one time it was hoped that the strong constitution of the Prince had conquered in the struggle for life; but a sudden relapse took place, which left him in greater danger than before. On the 10th of December prayers were offered for his recovery in all the churches, without distinction of sect. The feeling of grief for the present, and uneasiness for the future, were profound and widespread. Business was almost wholly suspended throughout the country. The telegraph lines were blocked with the multitude of messages sent to and fro concerning the Prince; and so great was the anxiety to obtain the latest news that the morning and evening papers issued extra editions at every hour. All classes and ranks joined in expressions of sorrow and sympathy.

Blended with the genuine sympathy which pervades all classes in England is the undefined dread of changes that may take place in the event of the Prince's decease, and the hope that, in the case of his survival, the danger through which he has passed may lead to a new and better life on his part. The London *Times*, referring to this condition of the public mind, says:

> We can not regret this manifestation of a national anxiety from which no one can shake himself free. We entertain, in truth, a hope that after the Prince's illness has passed away the feeling now excited from end to end of the land will leave behind it blessings both to the Prince and the people. "What have I done to be so beloved?" was the exclamation of a king recovering from sickness, whose palace was surrounded by weeping subjects when he lay low. Some such reflection must most naturally occur to the Prince of Wales in the hours of convalescence, and we can well believe that it will be followed by a resolution that the years of his maturer manhood shall be given to the service of the people who have shown themselves so anxious for his welfare. A new life may date in the case of any man from sickness—serious, if not severe—at the age of thirty, and the Prince may take occasion to profit by it in betaking himself with increased energy to the furtherance of those objects of social improvement to which, next to the education of his family, his illustrious father devoted his untiring care and attention.
>
> We, on the other hand, his future subjects, can not but derive from the suggestion of possible danger conveyed in the illness of the Prince, a greater repugnance to mere theoretic comparisons of different schemes of national government, a more determined aversion from contemplating, even in imagination, any proposition for embarking on the unknown hazards of change, for the sake of securing fanciful and possibly illusory advantages. If these prove to be the results of the feverish attack under which the Prince of Wales is now suffering, we shall be able to look back with satisfaction, if with some little surprise, on our present anxiety.

Should the decease of the Prince occur before that of his mother, his eldest son, now a boy of about eight years, would become heir to the throne of England; and should Queen **Victoria** be removed by death, or abdicate, before he attains his majority, his government will have to be administered by a regency. In the present disturbed condition of affairs all over Europe, with democratic and republican agitations on every hand, and the ramifications of the International constantly extending, it is not surprising that the English people should dread the death of the Prince as a terrible calamity, and the possible precursor of changes that may result in the complete overturn of the present political and social order of the kingdom.


THE PRINCE OF WALES.—[From a Recent Photograph.]

GOOD CHANCE FOR INVESTMENTS.

The semi-annual report of the Union Pacific Railroad for the first six months of the present year shows that the *net* profits of the road during the time were between two and a half and three million dollars—at the rate of five or six million dollars a year. The Central Pacific makes a still better showing, and its bonds are worth three per cent. more than par in the market. It is not surprising, in the light of such facts as these, that the Northern Pacific Loan is meeting with such striking and rapid success. If the present Pacific Railroad is thus profitable, the Northern Road must be greatly more so, for it runs on a much shorter line across the continent, traverses an infinitely richer region, and is building at a far lower cost; but the bonds are not only a first lien on the road itself and all its property, but are, in addition, a first mortgage upon valuable lands at the rate of 23,000 acres for every mile of road built, or upward of 50,000,000 acres in the aggregate. These lands belong absolutely to the bondholders until every bond is redeemed; and as the proceeds of all sales must be devoted at once to buying and canceling the bonds as long as the latter can be had at a price not exceeding $1 10, an advance above par must speedily be brought about.

At the present price of par and accrued interest in currency, there can be little doubt that the Northern Pacific Bonds are a very inviting and profitable investment. They bear 7 3-10 per cent. interest in gold per annum, they are negotiable in any market, and they are finally payable in gold.

Those who have had dealings with Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co. know that their statements may be relied on, and feel that when they say a bond is sure to be paid, principal and interest, as a government bond, it means that they have given careful scrutiny to the security, and that the statement is not made on their part without the most thorough conviction that it is so. They now recommend with that same confidence the Northern Pacific Railroad 7.30 gold bonds, which are being rapidly taken by intelligent and careful investors. We have no doubt that time will show their recommendation of these bonds to have been as fully warranted as in the case of Five-Twenties or other loans they have so successfully negotiated.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. R. W. Sanderson, Poppenhausen Institute, College Point, N. Y., has had a Wheeler & Wilson Machine since February, 1859, employed, without repairs, in sewing all materials, from triple beaver to Nansook (ten years in dress-making). It is now used for instructing pupils in the Institute.—[*Com.*]

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The "E. Howard & Co." Watches are fully guaranteed when sold. No matter from whom purchased, if found inaccurate, another will be given. There is, therefore, no risk in buying the "E. Howard & Co." American Watch from any watchmaker. Office, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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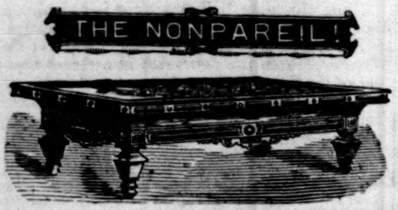
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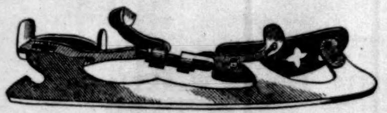

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COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Office of Insurance Commissioner,
Boston, *December* 1, 1871.

Wm. Hanley, Esq., Sec. Life Association of America:

Dear Sir,—By the clerical omission of a single figure in copying the data for Table D, page xlvi. of the Massachusetts Life Report for the year ending December 31, 1870, the Gross Receipts of the Life Association of America are incorrectly given. The amount should have been stated as in the connecting and other tabulations of the Report, viz., at $1,764,835. With this correction, the ratio of Gross Expenses to Gross Receipts in Table D, and also in Table E, page xlviii., to which the same is transferred, would be only **32.35,** and the average only **29.45,** instead of **74.64** and 40.03, as erroneously given. Though apparent at a glance, the error, used by an unscrupulous agent, might do great injury to the Life Association, which deservedly ranks among the prudent, conservative, and best managed life insurance organizations in the United States.

No honorable company or reputable agent, however intense the strife of competition, would, either openly or covertly, by verbal statement or printed circular, make such dishonest use of a manifest error, even to secure a desperate advantage. A rivalry descending to such meanness may, indeed, succeed for the moment in diverting attention from the glass and gas of its own surroundings, but the operator can hardly escape the recoil. As a matter of fact, alike creditable to the Life Association and worthy the consideration of its friends and patrons, it may be stated without invidious comparison that, of the sixty-four Companies represented in these expense ratios, thirty-two are, like the Life, new Companies organized within the last five or six years. Of these, only seven show a smaller ratio than the Life, while all but one of the seven are older Companies. It thus appears that the Life Association's ratio of expense, always from the first at a low figure, is actually smaller than that of more than three-fourths of all the new Companies doing business—the expenses of all Companies being of course unavoidably greater in their first years. This simple fact should effectually silence calumnious and dishonest rivalry.

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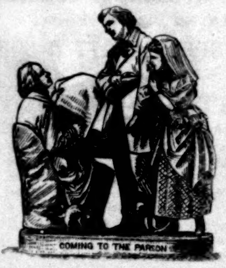

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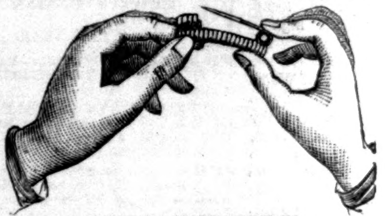

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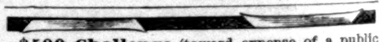

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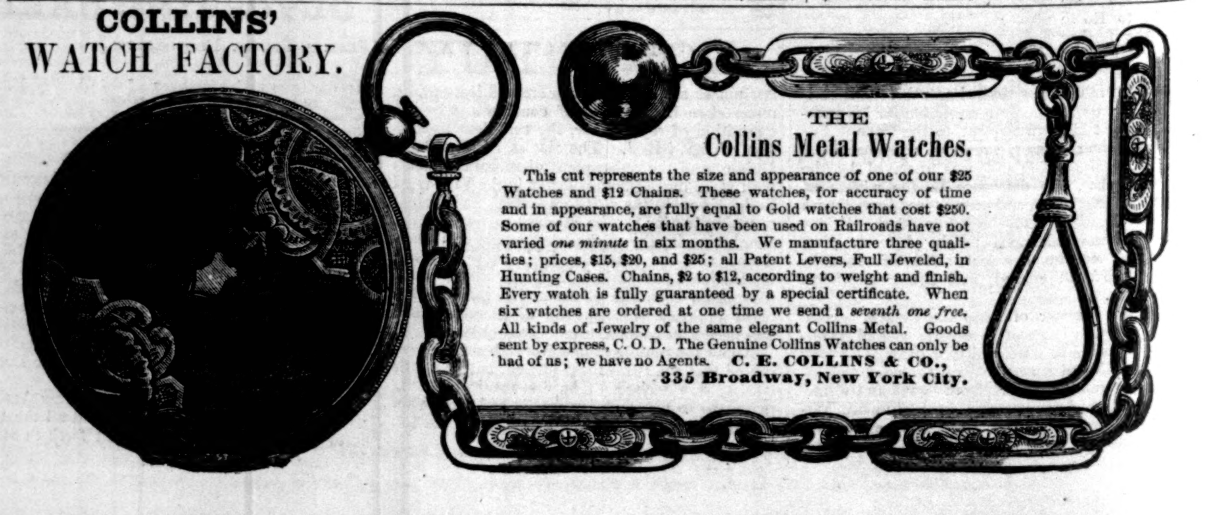

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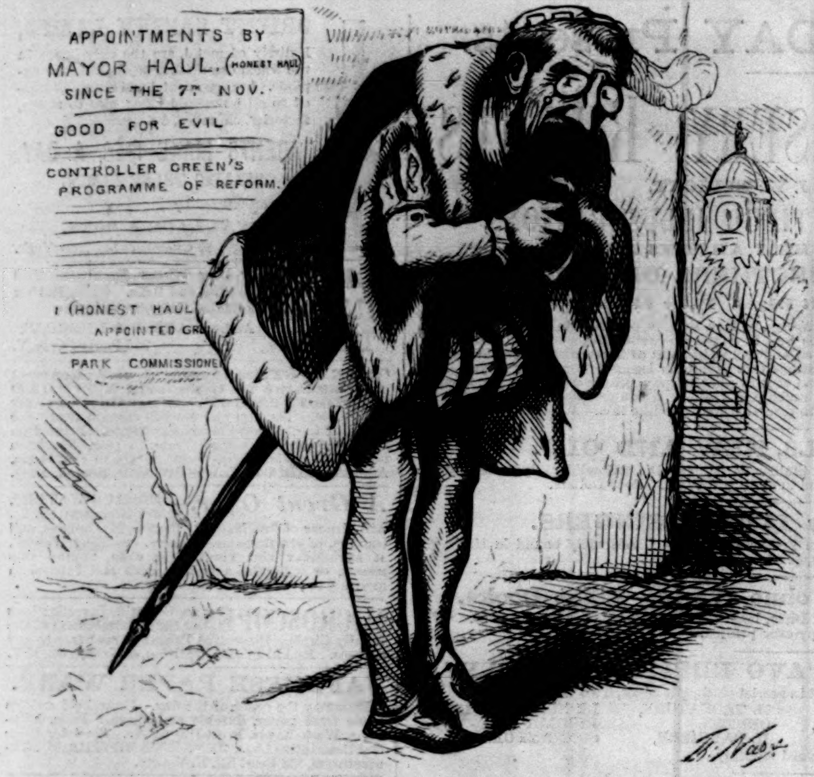

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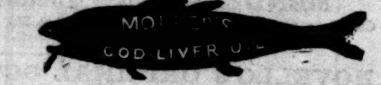

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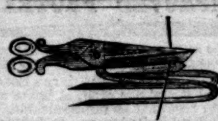
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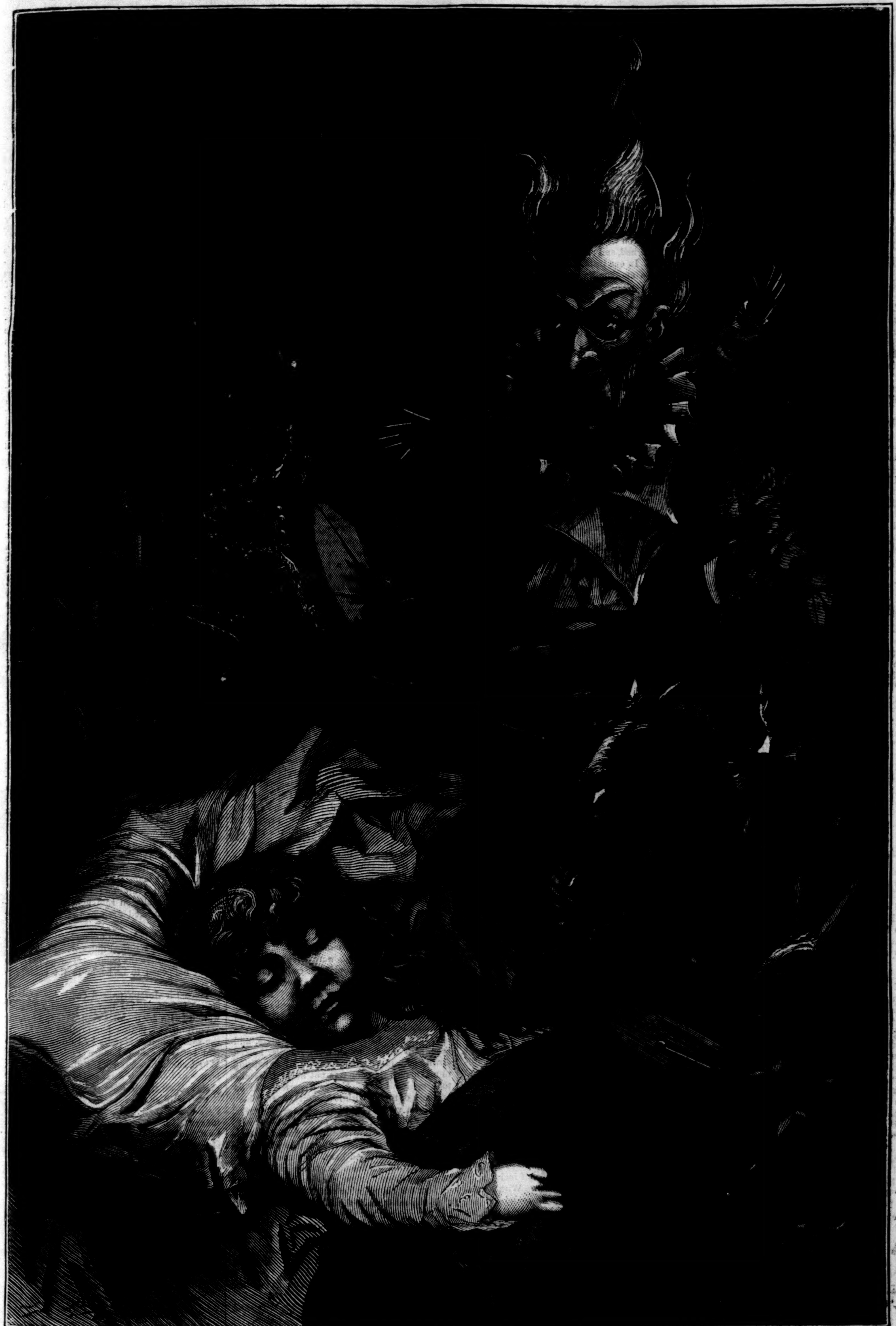


THE CHRISTMAS DREAM.—DRAWN BY JULES TAVERNER.—[SEE PAGE 1238.]

MISS OR MRS.?

A Christmas Story, in Twelve Scenes.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

SIR JOSEPH GRAYBROOKE	(Knight)
RICHARD TURLINGTON	(Of the Levant Trade)
LAUNCELOT LINZIE	(Of the College of Surgeons)
JAMES DICAS	(Of the Roll of Attorneys)
THOMAS WILDFANG	(Superannuated Seaman)
MISS GRAYBROOKE	(Sir Joseph's Sister)
NATALIE	(Sir Joseph's Daughter)
LADY WINWOOD	(Sir Joseph's Niece)
AMELIA SOPHIA DOROTHEA	(Lady Winwood's Step-daughters)

PERIOD: THE PRESENT TIME. PLACE: ENGLAND.

FIRST SCENE.

AT SEA.

THE night had come to an end. The new-born day waited for its quickening light in the silence that is never known on land—the silence before sunrise, in a calm at sea.

Not a breath came from the dead air. Not a ripple stirred on the motionless water. Nothing changed but the softly growing light; nothing moved but the lazy mist, curling up to meet the sun, its master, on the eastward sea. By fine gradations, the airy veil of morning thinned in substance as it rose—thinned, till there dawned through it in the first rays of sunlight the tall white sails of a schooner yacht.

From stem to stern silence possessed the vessel—as silence possessed the sea.

But one living creature was on deck — the man at the helm, dozing peaceably with his arm over the useless tiller. Minute by minute the light grew, and the heat grew with it; and still the helmsman slumbered, the heavy sails hung noiseless, the quiet water lay sleeping against the vessel's sides. The whole orb of the sun was visible above the water-line when the first sound pierced its way through the morning silence. From far off over the shining white ocean the cry of a sea-bird reached the yacht on a sudden out of the last airy circles of the waning mist.

The sleeper at the helm woke, looked up at the idle sails, and yawned in sympathy with them; looked out at the sea on either side of him, and shook his head obstinately at the superior obstinacy of the calm.

"Blow, my little breeze!" said the man, whistling the sailor's invocation to the wind softly between his teeth. "Blow, my little breeze!"

"How's her head?" cried a bold and brassy voice, hailing the deck from the cabin staircase.

"Any where you like, master, all round the compass."

The voice was followed by the man. The owner of the yacht appeared on deck.

Behold Richard Turlington, Esq., of the great Levant firm of Pizzituti, Turlington, & Branca! Aged eight-and-thirty, standing stiffly and sturdily at a height of not more than five feet six, Mr. Turlington presented to the view of his fellow-creatures a face of the perpendicular order of human architecture. His forehead was a straight line, his upper lip was another, his chin was the straightest and the longest line of all. As he turned his swarthy countenance eastward, and shaded his light-gray eyes from the sun, his knotty hand plainly revealed that it had got him his living by its own labor at one time or another in his life. Taken on the whole, this was a man whom it might be easy to respect, but whom it would be hard to love. Better company at the official desk than at the social table. Morally and physically—if the expression may be permitted—a man without a bend in him.

"A calm yesterday," grumbled Richard Turlington, looking with stubborn deliberation all around him. "And a calm to-day. Ha! next season I'll have the vessel fitted with engines. I hate this!"

"Think of the filthy coals and the infernal vibration, and leave your beautiful schooner as she is. We are out for a holiday. Let the wind and the sea take a holiday too."

Pronouncing those words of remonstrance, a slim, nimble, curly headed young gentleman joined Richard Turlington on deck, with his clothes under his arm, his towels in his hand, and nothing on him but the night-gown in which he had stepped out of his bed.

"Launcelot Linzie, you have been received on board my vessel in the capacity of medical attendant on Miss Natalie Graybrooke, at her father's request. Keep your place, if you please. When I want your advice, I'll ask you for it." Answering in those terms, the elder man fixed his colorless gray eyes on the younger with an expression which added plainly: "There won't be room enough in this schooner much longer for me and for you."

Launcelot Linzie had his reasons (apparently) for declining to let his host offend him, on any terms whatever.

"Thank you!" he rejoined, in a tone of satirical good humor. "It isn't easy to keep my place on board your vessel. I can't help presuming to enjoy myself as if I was the owner. The life is such a new one—to *me!* It's so delightfully easy, for instance, to wash yourself here. On shore it's a complicated question of jugs and basins and tubs; one is always in danger of breaking something or spoiling something. Here you have only to jump out of bed, to run up on deck, and to do this!"

He turned, and scampered to the bows of the vessel. In one instant he was out of his night-gown, in another he was on the bulwark, in a third he was gamboling luxuriously in sixty fathoms of salt-water.

Turlington's eyes followed him with a reluctant, uneasy attention as he swam round the vessel, the only moving object in view. Turlington's mind, steady and slow in all its operations, set him as a problem to be solved, on given conditions, as follows:

"Launcelot Linzie is fifteen years younger than I am. Add to that, Launcelot Linzie is Natalie Graybrooke's cousin. Given those two advantages — Query: Has he taken Natalie's fancy?"

Turning that question slowly over and over in his mind, Richard Turlington seated himself in a corner at the stern of the vessel. He was still at work on the problem when the young surgeon returned to his cabin to put the finishing touches to his toilet. He had not reached the solution when the steward appeared an hour later and said, "Breakfast is ready, Sir!"

They were a party of five round the cabin table.

First, Sir Joseph Graybrooke. Inheritor of a handsome fortune made by his father and his grandfather in trade. Mayor, twice elected, of a thriving provincial town. Officially privileged, while holding that dignity, to hand a silver trowel to a royal personage condescending to lay a first stone of a charitable edifice. Knighted accordingly, in honor of the occasion. Worthy of the honor and worthy of the occasion. A type of his eminently respectable class. Possessed of an amiable rosy face, and soft, silky white hair. Sound in his principles; tidy in his dress; blest with moderate politics and a good digestion — a harmless, healthy, spruce, speckless, weak-minded old man.

Secondly, Miss Lavinia Graybrooke, Sir Joseph's maiden sister. Personally, Sir Joseph in petticoats. If you knew one you knew the other.

Thirdly, Miss Natalie Graybrooke—Sir Joseph's only child.

She had inherited the personal appearance and the temperament of her mother—dead many years since. There had been a mixture of Negro blood and French blood in the late Lady Graybrooke's family, settled originally in Martinique. Natalie had her mother's warm, dusky color, her mother's superb black hair, and her mother's melting, lazy, lovely brown eyes. At fifteen years of age (dating from her last birthday), she possessed the development of the bosom and the limbs which in England is rarely attained before twenty. Every thing about the girl—except her little rosy ears—was on a grand Amazonian scale. Her shapely hand was long and large; her supple waist was the waist of a woman. The indolent grace of all her movements had its motive power in an almost masculine firmness of action, and profusion of physical resource. This remarkable bodily development was far from being accompanied by any corresponding development of character. Natalie's manner was the gentle, innocent manner of a young girl. She had her father's sweet temper ingrafted on her mother's variable Southern nature. She moved like a goddess, and she laughed like a child. Signs of maturing too rapidly—of outgrowing her strength, as the phrase went—had made their appearance in Sir Joseph's daughter during the spring. The family doctor had suggested a sea voyage as a wise manner of employing the fine summer months. Richard Turlington's yacht was placed at her disposal —with Richard Turlington himself included as one of the fixtures of the vessel. With her father and her aunt to keep up round her the atmosphere of home—with Cousin Launcelot (more commonly known as "Launce") to carry out, if necessary, the medical treatment prescribed by superior authority on shore — the lovely invalid embarked on her summer cruise, and sprang up into a new existence in the life-giving breezes of the sea. After two happy months of lazy coasting round the shores of England, all that remained of Natalie's illness was represented by a delicious languor in her eyes, and an utter inability to devote herself to any thing which took the shape of a serious occupation. As she sat at the cabin breakfast-table that morning, in her quaintly made sailing dress of old-fashioned nankeen—her inbred childishness of manner contrasting delightfully with the blooming maturity of her form—the man must have been trebly armed indeed in the modern philosophy who could have denied that the first of a woman's rights is the right of being beautiful; and the foremost of a woman's merits, the merit of being young.

The other two persons present at the table were the two gentlemen who have already appeared on the deck of the yacht.

"Not a breath of wind stirring!" said Richard Turlington. "The weather has got a grudge against us. We have drifted about four or five miles in the last eight-and-forty hours. You will never take another cruise with me—you must be longing to get on shore."

He addressed himself to Natalie, plainly eager to make himself agreeable to the young lady, and plainly unsuccessful in producing any impression on her. She made a civil answer; and looked at her tea-cup, instead of looking at Richard Turlington.

"You might fancy yourself on shore at this moment," said Launce. "The vessel is as steady as a house; and the swing-table we are eating our breakfast on is as even as your dining-room table at home."

He, too, addressed himself to Natalie, but without betraying the anxiety to please her which had been shown by the other. For all that, *he* diverted the girl's attention from her tea-cup; and *his* idea instantly awakened a responsive idea in Natalie's mind.

"It will be so strange on shore," she said, "to find myself in a room that never turns on one side, and to sit at a table that never tilts down to my knees at one time, or rises up to my chin at another. How I shall miss the wash of the water at my ear, and the ring of the bell on deck, when I am awake at night on land! No interest there in how the wind blows, or how the sails are set. No asking your way of the sun, when you are lost, with a little brass instrument and a morsel of pencil and paper. No delightful wandering wherever the wind takes you, without the worry of planning beforehand where you are to go. Oh, how I shall miss the dear, changeable, inconstant sea! And how sorry I am I'm not a man and a sailor!"

This to the guest, admitted on board on sufferance; and not one word of it addressed, even by chance, to the owner of the yacht.

Richard Turlington's heavy eyebrows contracted with an unmistakable expression of pain.

"If this calm weather holds," he went on, addressing himself to Sir Joseph, "I am afraid, Graybrooke, I shall not be able to bring you back to the port we sailed from by the end of the week."

"Whenever you like, Richard," answered the old gentleman, resignedly. "Any time will do for me."

"Any time within reasonable limits, Joseph," said Miss Lavinia, evidently feeling that her brother was conceding too much. She spoke with Sir Joseph's amiable smile and Sir Joseph's softly pitched voice. Two twin babies could hardly have been more like one another.

While these few words were being exchanged among the elders, a private communication was in course of progress between the two young people under the cabin table. Natalie's smartly slippered foot felt its way cautiously inch by inch over the carpet till it touched Launce's boot. Launce, devouring his breakfast, instantly looked up from his plate, and then, at a second touch from Natalie, looked down again in a violent hurry. After pausing to make sure that she was not noticed, Natalie took up her knife. Under a perfectly acted pretense of toying with it absently, in the character of a young lady absorbed in thought, she began dividing a morsel of ham left on the edge of her plate into six tiny pieces. Launce's eye looked in sidelong expectation at the divided and subdivided ham. He was evidently waiting to see the collection of morsels put to some telegraphic use, previously determined on between his neighbor and himself.

In the mean while the talk proceeded among the other persons at the breakfast-table. Miss Lavinia addressed herself to Launce.

"Do you know, you careless boy, you gave me a fright this morning? I was sleeping with my cabin window open, and I was awoke by an awful splash in the water. I called for the stewardess. I declare I thought somebody had fallen overboard."

Sir Joseph looked up briskly; his sister had accidentally touched on an old association.

"Talking of falling overboard," he began, "reminds me of an extraordinary adventure—"

There Launce broke in, making his apologies.

"It sha'n't occur again, Miss Lavinia," he said. "To-morrow morning, I'll oil myself all over, and slip into the water as silently as a seal."

"Of an extraordinary adventure," persisted Sir Joseph, "which happened to me many years ago, when I was a young man. Lavinia?"

He stopped, and looked interrogatively at his sister. Miss Graybrooke nodded her head responsively, and settled herself in her chair, as if summoning her attention in anticipation of a coming demand on it. To persons well acquainted with the brother and sister these proceedings were ominous of an impending narrative, protracted to a formidable length. The two always told a story in couples, and always differed with each other about the facts—the sister politely contradicting the brother when it was Sir Joseph's story, and the brother politely contradicting the sister when it was Miss Lavinia's story. Separated one from the other, and thus relieved of their own habitual interchange of contradiction, neither of them had ever been known to attempt the relation of the simplest series of events without breaking down.

"It was five years before I knew you, Richard," proceeded Sir Joseph.

"Six years," said Miss Graybrooke.

"Excuse me, Lavinia."

"No, Joseph, I have it down in my diary."

"Let us waive the point." (Sir Joseph invariably used this formula as a means of at once conciliating his sister, and getting a fresh start for his story.) "I was cruising off the Mersey in a Liverpool pilot-boat. I had hired the boat in company with a friend of mine, formerly notorious in London society, under the nickname (derived from the peculiar brown color of his whiskers) of 'Mahogany Dobbs.'"

"The color of his liveries, Joseph, not the color of his whiskers."

"My dear Lavinia, you are thinking of 'Sea-green Shaw,' so called from the extraordinary liveries he adopted for his servants in the year when he was sheriff."

"I think not, Joseph."

"I beg your pardon, Lavinia."

Richard Turlington's knotty fingers drummed impatiently on the table. He looked toward Natalie. She was idly arranging her little morsels of ham in a pattern on her plate. Launcelot Linzie, still more idly, was looking at the pattern. Seeing what he saw now, Richard solved the problem which had puzzled him on deck. It was simply impossible that Natalie's fancy could be really taken by such an empty-headed fool as that.

Sir Joseph went on with his story.

"We were some ten or a dozen miles off the mouth of the Mersey—"

"Nautical miles, Joseph."

"It doesn't matter, Lavinia."

"Excuse me, brother; the late great and good Doctor Johnson said accuracy ought always to be studied even in the most trifling things."

"They were common miles, Lavinia."

"They were nautical miles, Joseph."

"Let us waive the point. Mahogany Dobbs and I happened to be below in the cabin, occupied—"

Here Sir Joseph paused (with his amiable smile) to consult his memory. Miss Lavinia waited (with *her* amiable smile) for the coming opportunity of setting her brother right. At the same moment Natalie laid down her knife and softly touched Launce under the table. When she thus claimed his attention the six pieces of ham were arranged as follows in her plate: Two pieces were placed opposite each other, and four pieces were ranged perpendicularly under them. Launce looked, and twice touched Natalie under the table. Interpreted by the Code agreed on between the two, the signal in the plate meant, "I must see you in private." And Launce's double touch answered, "After breakfast."

Sir Joseph proceeded with his story. Natalie took up her knife again. Another signal coming!

"We were both down in the cabin, occupied in finishing our dinner—"

"Just sitting down to lunch, Joseph."

"My dear! I ought to know."

"I only repeat what I heard, brother. The last time you told the story, you and your friend were sitting down to lunch."

"We won't particularize, Lavinia. Suppose we say, occupied over a meal?"

"If it is of no more importance than that, Joseph, it would be surely better to leave it out altogether."

"Let us waive the point. Well, we were suddenly alarmed by a shout on deck, 'Man overboard!' We both rushed up the cabin stairs, naturally under the impression that one of our crew had fallen into the sea—an impression shared, I ought to add, by the man at the helm, who had given the alarm."

Sir Joseph paused again. He was approaching one of the great dramatic points in his story, and was naturally anxious to present it as impressively as possible. He considered with himself, with his head a little on one side. Miss Lavinia considered with *herself*, with *her* head a little on one side. Natalie laid down her knife again, and again touched Launce under the table. This time there were five pieces of ham ranged longitudinally on the plate, with one piece immediately under them at the centre of the line. Interpreted by the Code, this signal indicated two ominous words, "Bad news." Launce looked significantly at the owner of the yacht (meaning of the look, "Is he at the bottom of it?"). Natalie frowned in reply (meaning of the frown, "Yes, he is"). Launce looked down again into the plate. Natalie instantly pushed all the pieces of ham together in a little heap (meaning of the heap, "No more to say").

"Well?" said Richard Turlington, turning sharply on Sir Joseph, "Get on with your story. What next?"

Thus far he had not troubled himself to show even a decent pretense of interest in his old friend's perpetually interrupted narrative. It was only when Sir Joseph had reached his last sentence—intimating that the man overboard might turn out in course of time not to be a man of the pilot-boat's crew—it was only then that Turlington sat up in his chair, and showed signs of suddenly feeling a strong interest in the progress of the story.

Sir Joseph went on.

"As soon as we got on deck, we saw the man in the water astern. Our vessel was hove up in the wind, and the boat was lowered. The master and one of the men took the oars. All told, our crew were seven in number. Two away in the boat, a third at the helm, and, to my amazement, when I looked round, the other four behind me, making our number complete. At the same moment Mahogany Dobbs, who was looking through a telescope, called out, 'Who the devil can he be? The man is floating on a hen-coop, and we have got nothing of the sort on board this pilot-boat.'"

The one person present who happened to notice Richard Turlington's face when those words were pronounced was Launcelot Linzie. He—and he alone—saw the Levant trader's swarthy complexion fade slowly to a livid ashen gray, his eyes the while fixing themselves on Sir Joseph Graybrooke with a furtive glare in them like the glare in the eyes of a wild beast. Apparently conscious that Launce was looking at him—though he never turned his head Launce's way—he laid his elbow on the table, lifted his arm, and so rested his face on his hand, while the story went on, as to screen it effectually from the young surgeon's view.

"The man was brought on board," proceeded Sir Joseph, "sure enough, with a hen-coop—on which he had been found floating. The poor wretch was blue with terror and exposure in the water; he fainted when we lifted him on deck. When he came to himself he told us a horrible story. He was a sick and destitute foreign seaman; and he had hidden himself in the hold of an English vessel (bound to a port in his native country) which had sailed from Liverpool that morning. He had been discovered, and brought before the captain. The captain, a monster in human form, if ever there was one yet—"

Before the next word of the sentence could pass Sir Joseph's lips, Turlington startled the little party in the cabin by springing suddenly to his feet.

"The breeze!" he cried; "the breeze at last!"

As he spoke, he wheeled round to the cabin door, so as to turn his back on his guests, and hailed the deck.

"Which way is the wind?"

"There is not a breath of wind, Sir."

Not the slightest movement in the vessel had been perceptible in the cabin; not a sound had been audible indicating the rising of the breeze. The owner of the yacht—accustomed to the sea; capable, if necessary, of sailing his own vessel—had surely committed a strange mistake! He turned again to his friends, and made his apologies with an excess of polite regret, far from characteristic of him at other times and under other circumstances.

"Go on," he said to Sir Joseph, when he had got to the end of his excuses; "I never heard such an interesting story in my life. Pray go on."

The request was not an easy one to comply with. Sir Joseph's ideas had been thrown into confusion. Miss Lavinia's contradictions (held in reserve) had been scattered beyond recall. Both brother and sister were, moreover, additionally hindered in recovering the control of their own resources by the look and manner of their host. He alarmed, instead of encouraging, the two harmless old people, by fronting them almost fiercely, with his elbows squared on the table, and his face expressive of a dogged resolution to sit there and listen, if need be, for the rest of his life. Launce was the person who set Sir Joseph going again. After first looking attentively at Richard, he took his uncle straight back to the story by means of a question, thus:

"You don't mean to say that the captain of the ship threw the man overboard?"

"That is just what he did, Launce. The poor wretch was too ill to work his passage. The captain declared he would have no idle foreign vagabond in his ship to eat up the provisions of Englishmen who worked. With his own hands he cast the hen-coop into the water, and (assisted by one of his sailors) he threw the man after it, and told him to float back to Liverpool with the evening tide."

"A lie!" cried Turlington, addressing himself, not to Sir Joseph, but to Launce.

"Are you acquainted with the circumstances?" asked Launce, quietly.

"I know nothing about the circumstances. I say, from my own experience, that foreign sailors are even greater blackguards than English sailors. The man had met with an accident, no doubt. The rest of his story was a lie—and the object of it was to open Sir Joseph's purse."

Sir Joseph mildly shook his head.

"No lie, Richard. Witnesses proved that the man had spoken the truth."

"Witnesses? Pooh! More liars, you mean."

"I went to the owners of the vessel," pursued Sir Joseph. "I got from them the names of the officers and the crew; and I waited, leaving the case in the hands of the Liverpool police. The ship was wrecked at the mouth of the Amazon. But the crew and the cargo were saved. The men belonging to Liverpool came back. They were a bad set, I grant you. But they were examined separately about the treatment of the foreign sailor, and they all told the same story. They could give no account of their captain, nor of the sailor who had been his accomplice in the crime, except that they had not embarked in the ship which brought the rest of the crew to England. Whatever may have become of the captain since, he certainly never returned to Liverpool."

"Did you find out his name?"

The question was asked by Turlington. Even Sir Joseph, the least observant of men, noticed that it was put with a perfectly unaccountable irritability of manner.

"Don't be angry, Richard," said the old gentleman. "What is there to be angry about?"

"I don't know what you mean. I'm not angry—I'm only curious. *Did* you find out who he was?"

"I did. His name was Goward. He was well known at Liverpool as a very clever and a very dangerous man. Quite young at the time I am speaking of, and a first-rate sailor; famous for taking command of unseaworthy ships and vagabond crews. Report described him to me as having made considerable sums of money in that way for a man in his position; serving firms, you know, with a bad name, and running all sorts of desperate risks. A sad ruffian, Richard! More than once in trouble, on both sides of the Atlantic, for acts of violence and cruelty. Dead, I dare say, long since."

"Or possibly," said Launce, "alive, under another name, and thriving in a new way of life, with more desperate risks in it, of some other sort."

"Are *you* acquainted with the circumstances?" asked Turlington, retorting Launce's question on him, with a harsh ring of defiance in his brassy voice.

"What became of the poor foreign sailor, papa?" said Natalie, purposely interrupting Launce before he could meet the question angrily asked of him, by an angry reply.

"We made a subscription, and spoke to his consul, my dear. He went back to his country, poor fellow, comfortably enough."

"And there is an end to Sir Joseph's story," said Turlington, rising noisily from his chair. "It's a pity we haven't got a literary man on board; he would make a novel of it." He looked up at the sky-light as he got on his feet. "Here is the breeze, this time," he exclaimed, "and no mistake!"

It was true. At last the breeze had come. The sails flapped, the main boom swung over with a thump, and the stagnant water, stirred at last, bubbled merrily past the vessel's sides.

"Come on deck, Natalie, and get some fresh air," said Miss Lavinia, leading the way to the cabin door.

Natalie held up the skirt of her nankeen dress, and exhibited the purple trimming torn away over an extent of some yards.

"Give me half an hour first, aunt, in my cabin," she said, "to mend this."

Miss Lavinia elevated her venerable eyebrows in amazement.

"You have done nothing but tear your dresses, my dear, since you have been in Mr. Turlington's yacht. Most extraordinary! I have torn none of mine during the whole cruise."

Natalie's dark color deepened a shade. She laughed a little uneasily. "I am so awkward on board ship," she replied, and turned away, and shut herself up in her cabin.

Richard Turlington produced his case of cigars.

"Now is the time," he said to Sir Joseph, "for the best cigar of the day—the cigar after breakfast. Come on deck."

"You will join us, Launce?" said Sir Joseph.

"Give me half an hour first over my books," Launce replied. "I mustn't let my medical knowledge get musty at sea, and I might not feel inclined to study later in the day."

"Quite right, my dear boy, quite right."

Sir Joseph patted his nephew approvingly on the shoulder. Launce turned away on *his* side, and shut himself up in his cabin.

The other three ascended together to the deck.

SECOND SCENE.

THE STORE-ROOM.

PERSONS possessed of sluggish livers and tender hearts find two serious drawbacks to the enjoyment of a cruise at sea. It is exceedingly difficult to get enough walking exercise; and it is next to impossible (where secrecy is an object) to make love without being found out. Reverting for the moment to the latter difficulty only, life within the narrow and populous limits of a vessel may be defined as essentially life in public. From morning to night you are in your neighbor's way, or your neighbor is in your way. As a necessary result of these conditions, the rarest of existing men may be defined as the man who is capable of stealing a kiss at sea without discovery. An inbred capacity for stratagem of the finest sort; inexhaustible inventive resources; patience which can flourish under superhuman trials; presence of mind which can keep its balance victoriously under every possible stress of emergency—these are some of the qualifications which must accompany Love on a cruise, when Love embarks in the character of a contraband commodity not duly entered on the papers of the ship.

Having established a Code of Signals which enabled them to communicate privately, while the eyes and ears of others were wide open on every side of them, Natalie and Launce were next confronted by the more serious difficulty of finding a means of meeting together at stolen interviews on board the yacht. Possessing none of those precious moral qualifications already enumerated as the qualifications of an accomplished lover at sea, Launce had proved unequal to grapple with the obstacles in his way. Left to her own inventive resources, Natalie had first suggested the young surgeon's medical studies as Launce's unanswerable excuse for shutting himself up at intervals in the lower regions—and had then hit on the happy idea of tearing her trimmings, and condemning herself to repair her own carelessness, as the all-sufficient reason for similar acts of self-seclusion on her side. In this way the lovers contrived, while the innocent ruling authorities were on deck, to meet privately below them, on the neutral ground of the main cabin—and there, by previous arrangement at the breakfast-table, they were about to meet privately now.

Natalie's door was, as usual on these occasions, the first that opened; for this sound reason, that Natalie's quickness was the quickness to be depended on in case of accident.

She looked up at the sky-light. There were the legs of the two gentlemen and the skirts of her aunt visible (and stationary) on the lee side of the deck. She advanced a few steps and listened. There was a pause in the murmur of the voices above. She looked up again. One pair of legs (not her father's) had disappeared. Without an instant's hesitation Natalie darted back to her own door, just in time to escape Richard Turlington descending the cabin stairs. All he did was to go to one of the drawers under the main-cabin book-case, and to take out a map, ascending again immediately to the deck. Natalie's guilty conscience rushed instantly, nevertheless, to the conclusion that Richard suspected her. When she showed herself for the second time, instead of venturing into the cabin, she called across it in a whisper,

"Launce!"

Launce appeared at his door. He was peremptorily checked before he could cross the threshold.

"Don't stir a step! Richard has been down in the cabin! Richard suspects us!"

"Nonsense! Come out."

"Nothing will induce me, unless you can find some other place than the cabin."

Some other place? How easy to find it on land! How apparently impossible at sea! There was the forecastle (full of men) at one end of the vessel. There was the sail-room (full of sails) at the other. There was the ladies' cabin (used as the ladies' dressing-room; inaccessible, in that capacity, to every male human being on board). Was there any disposable inclosed space to be found amidships? On one side there were the sleeping-berths of the sailing-master and his mate (impossible to borrow *them*). On the other side was the steward's store-room. Launce considered for a moment. The steward's store-room was just the thing!

"Where are you going?" asked Natalie, as her lover made straight for a closed door at the lower extremity of the main-cabin.

"To speak to the steward, darling. Wait one moment, and you will see me again."

Launce opened the store-room door, and discovered, not the steward, but his wife, who occupied the situation of stewardess on board the vessel. The accident was, in this case, a lucky one. Having stolen several kisses at sea, and having been discovered (in every case) either by the steward or his wife, Launce felt no difficulty in prefacing his request to be allowed the use of the room by the plainest allusion to his relations with Natalie. He could count on the silence of the sympathizing authorities in this region of the vessel, having wisely secured them as accomplices by the usual persuasion of the pecuniary sort. Of the two, however, the stewardess, as a woman, was the more likely to lend a ready ear to Launce's entreaties in his present emergency. After a faint show of resistance, she consented, not only to leave the room, but to keep her husband out of it, on the understanding that it was not to be occupied for more than ten minutes. Launce made the signal to Natalie at one door, while the stewardess went out by the other. In a moment more the lovers were united in a private room. Is it necessary to say in what language the proceedings were opened? Surely not! There is an inarticulate langnage of the lips in use on these occasions in which we are all proficient, though we sometimes forget it in later life. Natalie seated herself on a locker. The tea, sugar, and spices were at her back, a side of bacon swung over her head, and a netful of lemons dangled before her face. It might not be roomy, but it was snug and comfortable.

"Suppose they call for the steward?" she suggested. ("Don't, Launce!")

"Never mind. We shall be safe enough if they do. The steward has only to show himself on deck, and they will suspect nothing."

"Do be quiet, Launce! I have got dreadful news to tell you. And, besides, my aunt will expect to see me with my braid sewn on again."

She had brought her needle and thread with her. Whipping up the skirt of her dress on her knee, she bent forward over it, and set herself industriously to the repair of the torn trimming. In this position her lithe figure showed charmingly its firm yet easy line. The needle, in her dextrous brown fingers, flew through its work. The locker was a broad one; Launce was able to seat himself partially behind her. In this position who could have resisted the temptation to lift up her great knot of broadly plaited black hair, and to let the warm, dusky nape of her neck disclose itself to view? Who, looking at it, could fail to revile the senseless modern fashion of dressing the hair, which hides the double beauty of form and color that nestles at the back of a woman's neck? From time to time, as the interview proceeded, Launce's lips emphasized the more important words occurring in his share of the conversation on the soft, fragrant skin which the lifted hair let him see at intervals. In Launce's place, Sir, you would have done it too.

"Now, Natalie, what is the news?"

"He has spoken to papa, Launce."

"Richard Turlington?"

"Yes."

"Damn him!"

Natalie started. A curse addressed to the back of your neck, instantly followed by a blessing in the shape of a kiss, *is* a little trying when you are not prepared for it.

"Don't do that again, Launce! It was while you were on deck, smoking, and when I was supposed to be fast asleep. I opened the ventilator in my cabin door, dear, and I heard every word they said. He waited till my aunt was out of the way, and he had got papa all to himself, and then he began it in that horrible, downright voice of his. 'Graybrooke! how much longer am I to wait?'"

"Did he say that?"

"No more swearing, Launce! Those were the words. Papa didn't understand them. He only said (poor dear!)—'Bless my soul, Richard, what do you want?' Richard soon explained himself. 'Who could he be waiting for—but Me?' Papa said something about my being so young. Richard stopped his mouth directly. 'Girls were like fruit; some ripened soon, and some ripened late. Some were women at twenty, and some were women at sixteen. It was impossible to look at me, and not see that I was like a new being after my two months at sea,' and so on, and so on. Papa behaved like an angel. He still tried to put it off. 'Plenty of time, Richard, plenty of time.' 'Plenty of time for *her*' (was the wretch's answer to that); 'but not for *me*. Think of all I have to offer her' (as if I cared for his money!); 'think how long I have looked upon her as growing up to be my wife' (growing up for *him*—monstrous), 'and don't keep me in a state of uncertainty, which it gets harder and harder for a man in my position to endure.' He was really quite eloquent. His voice trembled. There is no doubt, dear, that he is very, very fond of me."

"And you feel flattered by it, of course?"

"Don't talk nonsense. I feel a little frightened at it, I can tell you."

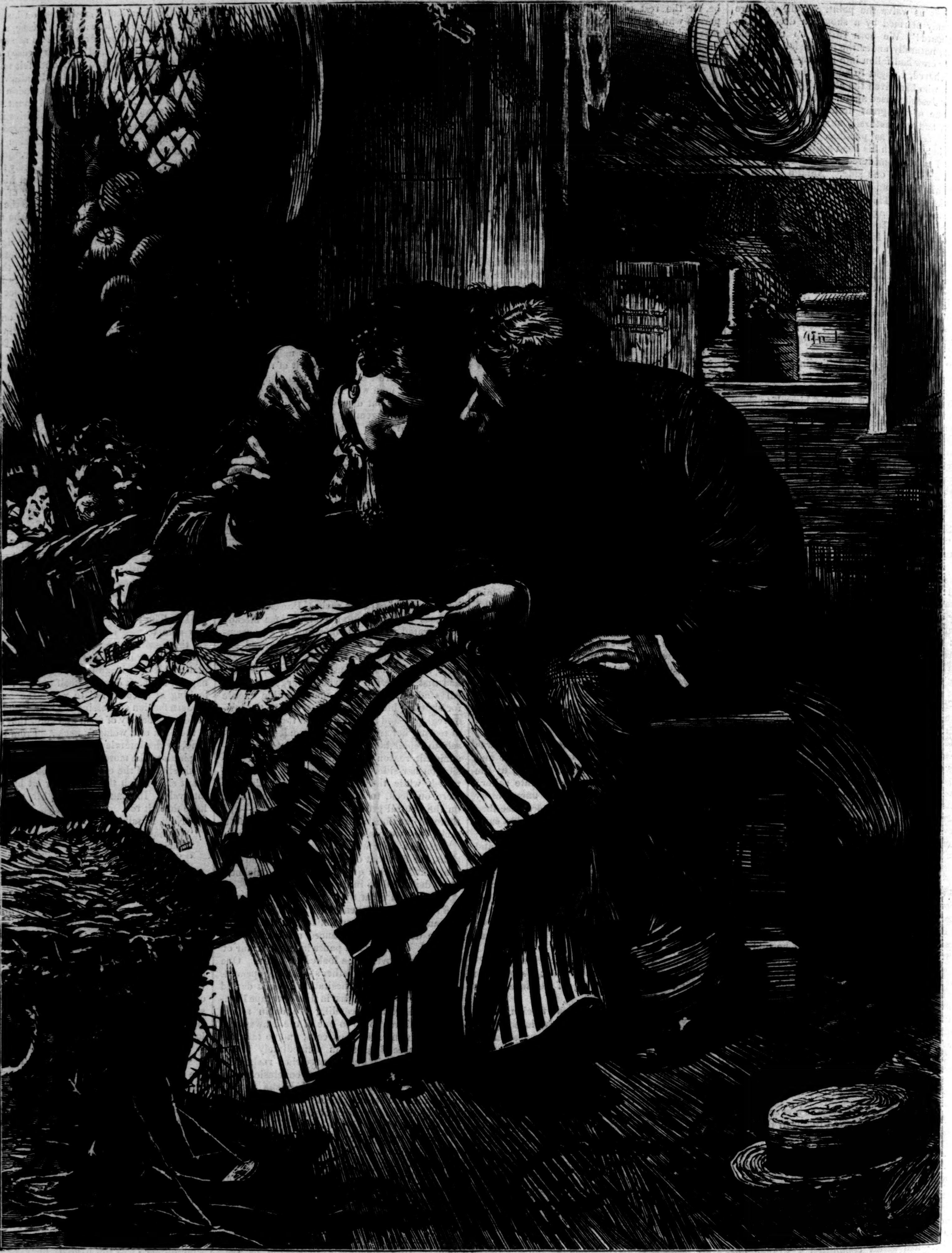
"Frightened? Did *you* notice him this morning?"

"I? When?"

"When your father was telling that story about the man overboard."

"No. What did he do? Tell me, Launce."

"I'll tell you directly. How did it all end



"'DO YOU LOVE ME?' HE WHISPERED, WITH HIS LIPS CLOSE AT HER EAR."—SECOND SCENE.

last night? Did your father make any sort of promise?"

"You know Richard's way; Richard left him no other choice. Papa had to promise before he was allowed to go to bed."

"To let Turlington marry you?"

"Yes; the week after my next birthday."

"The week after next Christmas-day?"

"Yes. Papa is to speak to me as soon as we are at home again, and my married life is to begin with the New-Year."

"Are you in earnest, Natalie? Do you really mean to say it has gone as far as that?"

"They have settled every thing—the splendid establishment we are to set up, the great income we are to have. I heard papa tell Richard that half his fortune should go to me on my wedding-day. It was sickening to hear how much they made of Money, and how little they thought of Love. What am I to do, Launce?"

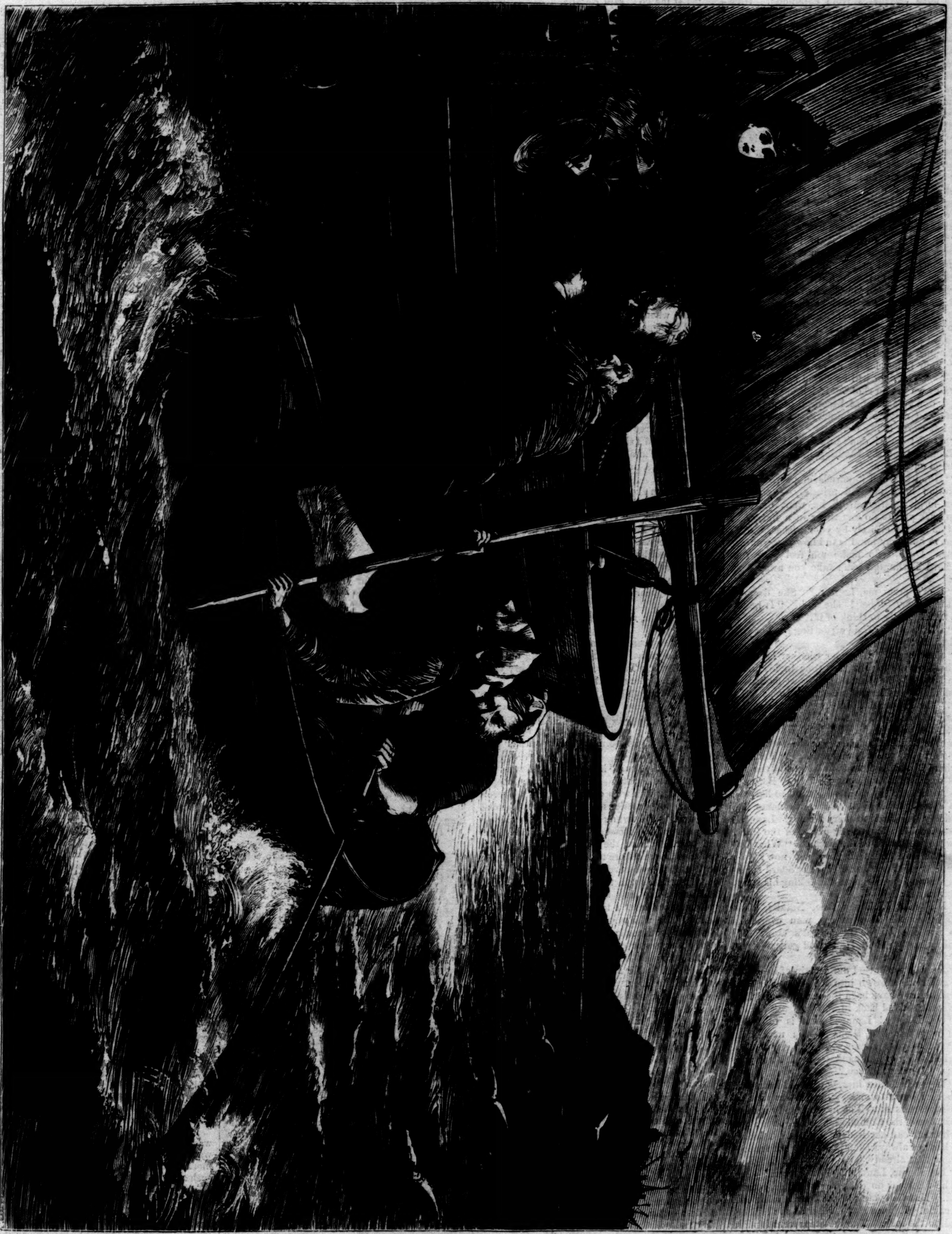
"That's easily answered, my darling. In the first place, you are to make up your mind not to marry Richard Tnrlington—"

"Do talk reasonably. You know I have done all I could. I have told papa that I can think of Richard as a friend, but not as a husband. He only laughs at me, and says, 'Wait a little, and you will alter your opinion, my dear.' You see, Richard is every thing to him; Richard has always managed his affairs, and has saved him from losing by bad speculations; Richard has known me from the time when I was a child; Richard has a splendid business, and quantities of money. Papa can't even imagine that I can resist Richard. I have tried my aunt; I have told her he is too old for me. All she says is, 'Look at your father; he was much older than your mother, and what a happy marriage theirs was.' Even if I said in so many words, 'I won't marry Richard,' what good would it do to *us?* Papa is the best and dearest old man in the world; but, oh, he is so fond of money! He believes in nothing else. He would be furious—yes, kind as he is, he would be furious—if I even hinted that I was fond of *you.* Any man who proposed to marry me—if he couldn't match the fortune that I should bring him by a fortune of his own—would be a lunatic in papa's eyes. He wouldn't think it necessary to answer him; he would ring the bell, and have him shown out of the house. I am exaggerating nothing, Launce; you know I am speaking the truth. There is no hope in the future—that I can see—for either of us."

"Have you done, Natalie? I have something to say on my side, if you have."

"What is it?"

"If things go on as they are going on now, shall I tell you how it will end? It will end in your being Turlington's wife."



"REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT LAUNCELOT LINZIE!' HE WHISPERED, FIERCELY."—Second Scene.

"Never!"

"So you say now; but you don't know what may happen between this and Christmas-day. Natalie! there is only one way of making sure that you will never marry Richard. Marry *me*."

"Without papa's consent?"

"Without saying a word to any body till it's done."

"Oh, Launce! Launce!"

"My darling, every word you have said proves there is no other way. Think of it, Natalie, think of it."

There was a pause. Natalie dropped her needle and thread, and hid her face in her hands. "If my poor mother was only alive," she said; "if I only had an elder sister to advise me, and to take my part."

She was evidently hesitating. Launce took a man's advantage of her indecision. He pressed her without mercy.

"Do you love me?" he whispered, with his lips close at her ear.

"You know I do, dearly."

"Put it out of Richard's power to part us, Natalie."

"Part us? We are cousins: we have known each other since we were both children. Even if he proposed parting us, papa wouldn't allow it."

"Mark my words, he *will* propose it. As for your father, Richard has only to lift his finger and your father obeys him. My love, the happiness of both our lives is at stake." He wound his arm round her, and gently drew her head back on his bosom. "Other girls have done it, darling," he pleaded; "why shouldn't you?"

The effort to answer him was too much for her. She gave it up. A low sigh fluttered through her lips. She nestled closer to him, and faintly closed her eyes. The next instant she started up, trembling from head to foot, and looked at the sky-light. Richard Turlington's voice was suddenly audible on deck exactly above them.

"Graybrooke, I want to say a word to you about Launcelot Linzie."

Natalie's first impulse was to fly to the door. Hearing Launce's name on Richard's lips, she checked herself. Something in Richard's tone roused in her the curiosity which suspends fear. She waited, with her hand in Launce's hand.

"If you remember," the brassy voice went on, "I doubted the wisdom of taking him with us on this cruise. You didn't agree with me, and, at your express request, I gave way. I did wrong. Launcelot Linzie is a very presuming young man."

Sir Joseph's answer was accompanied by Sir Joseph's mellow laugh.

"My dear Richard! Surely you are a little hard on Launce?"

"You are not an observant man, Graybrooke. I am. I see signs of his presuming with all of us, and especially with Natalie. I don't like the manner in which he speaks to her and looks at her. He is unduly familiar; he is insolently confidential. There must be a stop put to it. In my position, my feelings ought to be regarded. I request you to check the intimacy when we get on shore."

Sir Joseph's next words were spoken more seriously. He expressed his surprise.

"My dear Richard, they are cousins, they have been playmates from childhood. How *can* you think of attaching the slightest importance to any thing that is said or done by poor Launce?"

There was a good-humored contempt in Sir Joseph's reference to "poor Launce" which jarred on his daughter. He might almost have been alluding to some harmless domestic animal. Natalie's color deepened. Her hand pressed Launce's hand gently.

Turlington still persisted.

"I must once more request—seriously request—that you will check this growing intimacy. I don't object to your asking him to the house when you ask other friends. I only wish you (and expect you) to stop his 'dropping in,' as it is called, at any hour of the day or evening when he may have nothing to do. Is that understood between us?"

"If you make a point of it, Richard, of course it's understood between us."

Launce looked at Natalie, as weak Sir Joseph consented in those words.

"What did I tell you?" he whispered.

Natalie hung her head in silence. There was a pause in the conversation on deck. The two gentlemen walked away slowly toward the forward part of the vessel.

Launce pursued his advantage.

"Your father leaves us no alternative," he said. "The door will be closed against me as soon as we get on shore. If I lose you, Natalie, I don't care what becomes of me. My profession may go to the devil. I have nothing left worth living for."

"Hush! hush! don't talk in that way!"

Launce tried the soothing influence of persuasion once more.

"Hundreds and hundreds of people in our situation have married privately—and have been forgiven afterward," he went on. "I won't ask you to do any thing in a hurry. I will be guided entirely by your wishes. All I want to quiet my mind is to know that you are mine. Do, do, do make me feel sure that Richard Turlington can't take you away from me."

"Don't press me, Launce." She dropped on the locker. "See!" she said. "It makes me tremble only to think of it!"

"Who are you afraid of, darling? Not your father, surely?"

"Poor papa! I wonder whether he would be hard on me for the first time in his life?" She stopped; her moistening eyes looked up imploringly in Launce's face. "Don't press me!" she repeated, faintly. "You know it's wrong. We should have to confess it—and then what would happen?" She paused again. Her eyes wandered nervously to the deck. Her voice dropped to its lowest tones. "Think of Richard!" she said, and shuddered at the terrors which that name conjured up. Before it was possible to say a quieting word to her, she was again on her feet. Richard's name had suddenly recalled to her memory Launce's mysterious allusion, at the outset of the interview, to the owner of the yacht. "What was that you said about Richard just now?" she asked. "You saw something (or heard something) strange while papa was telling his story. What was it?"

"I noticed Richard's face, Natalie, when your father told us that the man overboard was not one of the pilot-boat's crew. He turned ghastly pale. He looked guilty—"

"Guilty? Of what?"

"He was present—I am certain of it—when the sailor was thrown into the sea. For all I know, he may have been the man who did it."

Natalie started back in horror.

"Oh, Launce! Launce! that is too bad. You may not like Richard—you may treat Richard as your enemy. But to say such a horrible thing of him as that—! It's not generous. It's not like *you*."

"If you had seen him, you would have said it too. I mean to make inquiries—in your father's interests as well as in ours. My brother knows one of the Commissioners of Police; and my brother can get it done for me. Turlington has not always been in the Levant trade—I know that already."

"For shame, Launce! For shame!"

The footsteps on deck were audible, coming back. Natalie sprang to the door leading into the cabin. Launce stopped her as she laid her hand on the lock. The footsteps went straight on toward the stern of the vessel. Launce clasped both arms round her. Natalie gave way.

"Don't drive me to despair!" he said. "This is my last opportunity. I don't ask you to say at once that you will marry me—I only ask you to think of it. My darling! my angel! will you think of it?"

As he put the question, they might have heard (if they had not been too completely engrossed in each other to listen) the footsteps returning—one pair of footsteps only, this time. Natalie's prolonged absence had begun to surprise her aunt, and had roused a certain vague distrust in Richard's mind. He walked back again along the deck by himself. He looked absently into the main cabin as he passed it. The store-room sky-light came next. In his present frame of mind, would he look absently into the store-room too?

"Let me go!" said Natalie.

Launce only answered, "Say yes," and held her as if he would never let her go again.

At the same moment Miss Lavinia's voice rose shrill from the deck, calling for Natalie. There was but one way of getting free from him. She said, "I'll think of it." Upon that he kissed her and let her go.

The door had barely closed on her when the lowering face of Richard Turlington appeared on a level with the side of the sky-light—looking down into the store-room at Launce.

"Halloo!" he called out roughly. "What are you doing in the steward's room?"

Launce took up a box of matches on the dresser. "I'm getting a light," he answered, readily.

"I allow nobody below, forward of the main cabin, without my leave. The steward has permitted a breach of discipline on board my vessel. The steward will leave my service."

"The steward is not to blame."

"I am the judge of that. Not you."

Launce opened his lips to reply. An outbreak between the two men appeared to be inevitable, when the sailing-master of the yacht joined his employer on deck, and directed Turlington's attention to a question which is never to be trifled with at sea—the question of wind and tide.

The yacht was then in the Bristol Channel, at the entrance to Bideford Bay. The breeze, fast freshening, was also fast changing the direction from which it blew. The favorable tide had barely three hours more to run.

"The wind's shifting, Sir," said the sailing-master. "I'm afraid we sha'n't get round the point this tide, unless we lay her off on the other tack."

Turlington shook his head.

"There are letters waiting for me at Bideford," he said. "We have lost two days in the calm. I must send ashore to the post-office, whether we lose the tide or not."

The vessel held on her course. Off the port of Bideford, the boat was sent ashore to the post-office, the yacht standing off and on, waiting the appearance of the letters. In the shortest time in which it was possible to bring them on board, the letters were in Turlington's hands.

The men were hauling the boat up to the davits, the yacht was already heading off from the land, when Turlington startled every body by one peremptory word—"Stop!"

He had thrust all his letters but one into the pocket of his sailing-jacket, without reading them. The one letter which he had opened he held in his closed hand. Rage was in his staring eyes; consternation was on his pale lips.

"Lower the boat!" he shouted; "I must get to London to-night." He stopped Sir Joseph, approaching him with open mouth. "There's no time for questions and answers. I must get back." He swung himself over the side of the yacht, and addressed the sailing-master from the boat. "Save the tide if you can; if you can't, put them ashore to-morrow, at Minehead, or Watchet—wherever they like." He beckoned to Sir Joseph to lean over the bulwark, and hear something he had to say in private. "Remember what I told you about Launcelot Linzie!" he whispered, fiercely. His parting look was for Natalie. He spoke to her with a strong constraint on himself, as gently as he could. "Don't be alarmed; I shall see you in London." He seated himself in the boat, and took the tiller. The last words they heard him say were words urging the men at the oars to lose no time. He was invariably brutal with the men: "Pull, and be d—d to you! Pull for your lives!"

ORGANS IN HISTORY.

HERE are a few curious bits relative to the organ: In the Holy Scriptures the organ is mentioned eighteen times. It is, however, obvious that this instrument was very small, and capable of being carried. Organs are also mentioned by Pindar 500 years before the Christian era. The first mention we have of an organ which must have been a large instrument is one that is said to have been given to Charlemagne, and is reported to have made "a noise like thunder." The earliest organ mentioned as having existed in England was at Westminster Abbey, where there was one in the tenth century. The first organ erected in Paris was at the Church of St. Severus, in the year 1358, though they had been introduced into France as early as the third century. In the year 1463 the cathedral church of Toulouse had five organs, all on the rood-screen, which shows that even up to that period the instruments were generally small. The earliest organs now existing date from the end of the fifteenth or commencement of the sixteenth century. Those in the cathedrals of Chartres and Amiens are of this date; and those in the churches of Perpignan, Honblieux in Picardy, Moret, Clamecy, St. Bertrand des Commignes, and Solies-Villes, in France; also those at Strasburg, Nördlingen, and St. Ann's, Augsburg, in Germany. All these examples are elaborately carved and adorned with gilding and color; they are also supplied with doors richly painted. In England we know only of one organ-case which may date from before the Reformation. It is in Northamptonshire.

THE CHRISTMAS DREAM.

THE beautiful illustration on the first page of this Supplement will be a favorite in every household where Christmas is honored as a family festival. The child has gone to sleep with its little heart full of happy anticipations of the coming holiday, which shape themselves into pleasant visions of the Christmas-tree, and the presents with which good old Santa Claus will load down its lighted boughs. Even the monster jack-in-the-box does not disturb the dreamer's serenity.

What parents do not remember such dreams? and as they bend over the cradle, recall in the child's happy face and in its half-murmured words their own childish days, when Santa Claus was a real person, and they used to lie awake nights to catch the sound of the hoofs of his reindeer team pawing and pattering on the roof, or half imagined that they heard their toy-laden friend clambering down the chimney where the row of empty stockings hung? There are people foolish enough in their wisdom to think it wrong to permit children to believe in Santa Claus! A fig for such wisdom! Let the little folks take all the pleasure they can in the world of fairy imagination. The stern realities of life come soon enough, with their trials and sorrows, to drive away a happiness that can never return.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

(Continued.)

IS THERE NO EXCUSE FOR HIM?

"RETURN to your chair and your book," I said. "Our interview is at an end. In leaving the house I have one last word to say. You are wasting your time in remaining at Dimchurch."

"I am the best judge of that," he answered, making way for me to go out.

"Pardon me, you are not in a position to judge at all. You don't know what I mean to do as soon as I get back to the rectory."

He instantly changed his position, placing himself in the door-way so as to prevent me from leaving the room.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked, keeping his eyes attentively fixed on mine.

"I mean to force you to leave Dimchurch."

He laughed insolently. I went on as quietly as before. "You have personated your brother to Lucilla this morning," I said. "You have done that, Mr. Nugent Dubourg, for the last time."

"Have I? Who will prevent me from doing it again?"

"I will."

This time he took it seriously.

"You?" he said. "How are *you* to control me, if you please?"

"I can control you through Lucilla. When I get back to the rectory I can, and will, tell Lucilla the truth."

He started, and instantly recovered himself.

"You forget something, Madame Pratolungo. You forget what the surgeon in attendance on her has told us."

"I remember it perfectly. If we say or do any thing to agitate his patient, in her present state, the surgeon refuses to answer for the consequences."

"Well?"

"Well—between the alternative of leaving you free to break both their hearts, and the alternative of setting the surgeon's warning at defiance—dreadful as the choice is, my choice is made. I tell you to your face, I would rather see Lucilla blind again than see her your wife."

His estimate of the strength of the position on his side had been necessarily based on one conviction—the conviction that Grosse's professional authority would tie my tongue. I had scattered his calculations to the winds. He turned so deadly pale that, dim as the light was, I could see the change in his face.

"I don't believe you!" he said.

"Present yourself at the rectory to-morrow," I answered, "and you will see. I have no more to say to you. Let me by."

You may suppose I was only trying to frighten him. I was doing nothing of the sort. Blame me or approve of me as you please, I was expressing the resolution which I had in my mind when I spoke. Whether my courage would have held out through the walk from Browndown to the rectory—whether I should have shrunk from it when I actually found myself in Lucilla's presence—is more than I can venture to decide. All I say is that I did, in my desperation, positively mean doing it at the moment when I threatened to do it, and that Nugent Dubourg heard something in my voice which told him I was in earnest.

"You fiend!" he burst out, stepping close up to me, with a look of fury.

The whole passionate fervor of the love that the miserable wretch felt for her shook him from head to foot as his horror of me found its way to expression in those two words.

"Spare me your opinion of my character," I said. "I don't expect *you* to understand the motives of an honest woman. For the last time, let me by!"

Instead of letting me by, he locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. That done, he pointed to the chair that I had left.

"Sit down," he said, with a sudden sinking in his voice, which implied a sudden change in his temper. "Let me have a minute to myself."

I returned to my place. He took his own chair on the other side of the table, and covered his face with his hands. We waited a while in silence. I looked at him once or twice, as the minutes followed each other. The shaded lamp-light glistened dimly on something between his fingers. I rose softly, and stretched across the table to look closer. Tears! On my word of honor, tears forcing their way through his fingers, as he held them over his face! I had been on the point of speaking. I sat down again in silence.

"Say what you want of me. Tell me what you wish me to do."

These were his first words. He spoke them without moving his hands; so quietly, so sadly, with such hopeless sorrow, such uncomplaining resignation in his voice, that I, who had entered that room hating him, rose again, and went round to his chair. I, who a minute ago, if I had had the strength, would have struck him down on the floor at my feet, laid my hand on his shoulder, pitying him from the bottom of my heart. That is what women are! There is a specimen of their sense, firmness, and self-control!

"Be just, Nugent," I said. "Be honorable. Be all that I once thought you. I want no more."

He dropped his arms on the table; his head fell on them, and he burst into a fit of crying. It was so like his brother that I could almost have fancied I, too, had mistaken one of them for the other. "Oscar over again," I thought to myself, "on the first day when I spoke to him in this very room!"

"Come!" I said, when he was quieter. "We shall end in understanding each other and in respecting each other, after all."

He irritably shook my hand off his shoulder, and turned his face away from the light.

"Don't talk of understanding *me*," he said. "Your sympathy is for Oscar. He is the victim; he is the martyr; he has all your consideration and all your pity. I am a coward; I am a villain; I have no honor and no heart. Tread Me under foot like a reptile. *My* misery is only what I deserve! Compassion is thrown away—isn't it?—on such a scoundrel as I am!"

I was sorely puzzled how to answer him. All that he had said against himself I had thought of him in my own mind. And why not? He *had* behaved infamously; he *was* a fit object for righteous indignation. And yet—and yet—it is sometimes so very hard, however badly a man may have behaved, for women to hold out against forgiving him when they know that a woman is at the bottom of it!

"Whatever I may have thought of you," I said, "it is still in your power, Nugent, to win back my old regard for you."

"Is it?" he answered, scornfully. "I know better than that. You are not talking to Oscar now—you are talking to a man who has had some experience of women. I know how you all hold to your opinions because they *are* your opinions, without asking yourselves whether they are right or wrong. There are men who could understand me and pity me. No woman can do it. The best and cleverest among you don't know what love is—as a man feels it. It isn't the frenzy with You that it is with Us. It acknowledges restraints in a woman—it bursts through every thing in a man. It robs him of his intelligence, his honor, his self-respect; it levels him with the brutes; it debases him into idiocy; it lashes him into madness. I tell you I am not accountable for my own actions. The kindest thing you could do for me would be to shut me up in a mad-house. The best thing I could do for myself would be to cut my throat. Oh yes! this is a shocking way of talking, isn't it? I ought to struggle against it, as you say. I ought to summon my self-control. Ha! ha! ha! Here is a clever woman—here is an experienced woman. And yet, though she has seen me in Lucilla's company hundreds of times, she has never once discovered the signs of a struggle in me! From the moment when I first saw that heavenly creature it has been one long fight against myself, one infernal torment of shame and remorse; and this clever friend of mine has observed so little and knows so little that she can only view my conduct in one light—it is the conduct of a coward and a villain!"

He got up, and took a turn in the room. I was—naturally, I think—a little irritated by his way of putting it. A man assuming to know more about love than a woman! Was there ever such a monstrous perversion of the truth as that? I appeal to the women!

"You ought to be the last person to blame me," I said. "I had too high an opinion of you to suspect what was going on. I will never make the same mistake again—I promise you that!"

He came back, and stood still in front of me, looking me hard in the face.

"Do you really mean to say you saw nothing to set you thinking on the day when I first met her?" he asked. "You were there in the room—didn't you see that she struck me dumb? Did you notice nothing suspicious at a later time? When I was suffering martyrdom, if I only looked at her, was there nothing to be seen in me which told its own tale?"

"I noticed that you were never at your ease with her," I replied. "But I liked you and trusted you, and I failed to understand it. That's all."

"Did you fail to understand every thing that followed? Didn't I speak to her father? Didn't I try to hasten their marriage? Did I really conceal what I felt when you told me that the first thing which attracted her in Oscar was his voice, and when I remembered that my voice and his were exactly alike? When we first talked of his telling Lucilla of the discoloration of his face, did I not agree with you that he ought to put himself right with her, in his own interests? When she all but found it out for herself, whose influence was used to make him own it? Mine! What did I do when he tried to confess it, and failed to make her understand him? what did I do when she first committed the mistake of believing *me* to be the disfigured man?"

The audacity of that last question fairly took away my breath. "You cruelly helped to deceive her," I answered, indignantly. "You basely encouraged your brother in his fatal policy of silence."

He looked at me with an angry amazement on his side which more than equaled the angry amazement on mine.

"So much for the delicate perception of a woman!" he exclaimed; "so much for the wonderful tact which is the peculiar gift of the sex! You can see no motive but a bad motive in my sacrificing myself for Oscar's sake!"

I began to discern faintly that there might have been another than a bad motive for his conduct. But—well! I dare say I was wrong; I resented the tone he was taking with me; I would have owned I had made a mistake to any body else in the world; I wouldn't own it to *him*. There!

"Look back for one moment," he resumed, in quieter and gentler tones. "See how hardly you have judged me! I seized the opportunity—I swear to you this is true—I seized the opportunity of making myself an object of horror to her the moment I heard of the mistake that she had made. Feeling in myself that I was growing less and less capable of avoiding her, I caught at the chance of making *her* avoid *me*; I did that, and I did more: I entreated Oscar to let me leave Dimchurch. He appealed to me, in the name of our love for each other, to remain. I couldn't resist him. Where do you see signs of the conduct of a scoundrel in all this? Would a scoundrel have betrayed himself to you a dozen times over—as I did in that talk of ours in the summer-house? I remember saying in so many words I wished I had never come to Dimchurch. What reason but one could there be for my saying that? How is it that you never even asked me what I meant?"

"You forget," I interposed, "that I had no opportunity of asking you. Lucilla interrupted us, and diverted my attention to other things. What do you mean by putting me on my defense in this way?" I went on, more and more irritated by the tone he was taking with me. "What right have you to judge my conduct?"

He looked at me with a kind of vacant surprise.

"*Have* I been judging your conduct?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"Perhaps I was thinking, if you had seen my infatuation in time, you might have checked it in time. No!" he exclaimed, before I could answer him. "Nothing could have checked it—nothing will cure it but my death. Let us try to agree. I beg your pardon if I have offended you. I am willing to take a just view of your conduct. Will you take a just view of mine?"

I tried hard to take a just view. Though I resented his manner of speaking to me, I nevertheless secretly felt for him, as I have confessed. Still I could not forget that he had attempted to attract to himself Lucilla's first look on the day when she tried her sight; that he had personated his brother to Lucilla that very morning; that he had suffered his brother to go away heart-broken, a voluntary exile from all that he held dear. No! I could feel for him, but I could *not* take a just view of him. I sat down, and said nothing.

He returned to the question between us, treating me with the needful politeness when he spoke next. For all that, he alarmed me by what he now said, as he had not alarmed me yet.

"I repeat what I have already told you," he proceeded. "I am no longer accountable for what I do. If I know any thing of myself, I believe it will be useless to trust me in the future. While I am capable of speaking the truth, let me tell it. Whatever happens at a later time, remember this—I have honestly made a clean breast of it to-night."

"Stop!" I cried. "I don't understand your reckless way of talking. Every man is accountable for what he does."

He checked me there by an impatient wave of his hand.

"Keep your opinion! I don't dispute it. You will see; you will see. Madame Pratolungo, the day when we had that private talk of ours in the rectory summer-house marks a memorable date in my calendar. My last honest struggle to be true to my poor Oscar ended with that day. The efforts I have made since then have been little better than mere outbreaks of despair. They have done nothing to help me against the passion that has become the one feeling and the one misery of my life. Don't talk of resistance. All resistance stops at a certain point. Since the time I have told you of, *my* resistance has reached its limits. You have heard how I struggled against temptation as long as I could resist it. I have only to tell you how I have yielded to it now."

The reckless, shameless composure with which he said that began to set me against him once more. The perpetual shifts and contradictions in him bewildered and irritated me. Quicksilver itself seemed to be less slippery to lay hold of than this man.

"Do you remember the day," he asked, "when Lucilla lost her temper, and received you so rudely at your visit to Browndown?"

I made a sign in the affirmative.

"You spoke, a little while since, of my personating Oscar to her. I personated him, on the occasion I have just mentioned, for the first time. You were present and heard me. Did you care to speculate on the motives which made me impose myself on her as my brother?"

"As well as I can remember," I answered, "I made the first guess that occurred to me. I thought you were indulging in a moment's mischievous amusement at Lucilla's expense."

"I was indulging the passion that consumed me! I longed to feel the luxury of her touching me and being familiar with me, under the impression that I was Oscar. Worse even than that, I wanted to try how completely I could impose on her—how easily I might marry her, if I could only deceive you all, and take her away somewhere by herself. The devil was in possession of me. I don't know how it might have ended if Oscar had not come in, and if Lucilla had not burst out as she did. She distressed me—she frightened me—she gave me back again to my better self. I rushed, without stopping to prepare her, into the question of her restoration to sight, as the only way of diverting her mind from the vile advantage that I had taken of her blindness. That night, Madame Pratolungo, I suffered pangs of self-reproach and remorse which would even have satisfied *you*. At the very next opportunity that offered I made my atonement to Oscar. I supported his interests; I even put the words he was to say to Lucilla into his lips—"

"When?" I broke in. "Where? How?"

"When the two surgeons had left us. In Lucilla's sitting-room. In the heat of the discussion whether she should submit to the operation at once, or whether she should marry Oscar first, and let Grosse try his experiment on her eyes at a later time. If you recall our conversation, you will remember that I did all I could to persuade Lucilla to marry my brother before Grosse tried his experiment on her sight. Quite useless! You threw all the weight of your influence into the opposite side of the scale. I failed. It made no difference. I had done what I had done in sheer despair: mere impulse—it didn't last. When the next temptation tried me I behaved like a scoundrel—as you say."

"I have said nothing," I answered, shortly.

"Very well—as you *think*, then. Did you suspect me at last, when we met in the village yesterday? Surely even your eyes must have seen through me on that occasion?"

I answered silently by an inclination of my head. I had no wish to drift into another quarrel. Sorely as he was presuming on my endurance, I tried, in Lucilla's interests, to keep on friendly terms with him.

"You concealed it wonderfully well," he went on, "when I tried to find out whether you had or had not discovered me. You virtuous people are not bad hands at deception when it suits your interests to deceive. I needn't tell you what my temptation was yesterday. The first look of her eyes when they opened on the world, the first light of love and joy breaking on her heavenly face—what madness to expect me to let that look fall on another man, that light show itself to other eyes! No living being, adoring her as I adored her, would have acted otherwise than I did. I could have fallen down on my knees and worshiped Grosse when he innocently proposed to me to take the very place in the room which I was determined to occupy. You saw what I had in my mind. You did your best—and did it admirably—to defeat me. Oh, you pattern people, you can be as shifty with your resources, when a cunning trick is to be played, as the worst of us. You saw how it ended. Fortune stood my friend at the eleventh hour; fortune can shine, like the sun, on the just and the unjust! *I* had the first look of her eyes! *I* felt the first light of love and joy in her face falling on *me!* *I* have had her arms round me, and her bosom on mine—"

I could endure it no longer.

"Open the door!" I said. "I am ashamed to be sitting in the same room with you!"

"I don't wonder at it," he answered. "You may well be ashamed of me. I am ashamed of myself."

There was nothing cynical in his tone, nothing insolent in his manner. The same man who had just gloried, in that abominable way, in his victory over innocence and misfortune now spoke and looked like a man who was honestly ashamed of himself. If I could only have felt convinced that he was mocking me or playing the hypocrite with me, I should have known what to do. But I say again—impossible as it seems—he was, beyond all doubt, genuinely penitent for what he had said the instant after he had said it! With all my experience of humanity, and all my practice in dealing with strange characters, I stopped midway between Nugent and the locked door, thoroughly puzzled.

"Do you believe me?" he asked.

"I don't understand you," I answered.

He took the key of the door out of his pocket, and put it on the table, close to the chair from which I had just risen.

"I lose my head when I talk of her or think of her," he went on. "I would give every thing I possess not to have said what I said just now. No language you can use is too strong to condemn it. The words burst out of me. If Lucilla herself had been present, I couldn't have controlled them. Go, if you like. I have no right to keep you here after behaving as I have done. There is the key, at your service. Only think first, before you leave me. You had something to propose when you came in. You might influence me—you might shame me into behaving like an honorable man. Do as you please. It rests with you."

Which was I—a good Christian, or a contemptible fool? I went back once more to my chair, and determined to give him a last chance.

"That's kind," he said. "You encourage me; you show me that I am worth trying again. I had a generous impulse in this room yesterday. It might have been something better than an impulse, if I had not had another temptation set straight in my way."

"What temptation?" I asked.

"Oscar's letter has told you: Oscar himself put the temptation in my way. You must have seen it."

"I saw nothing of the sort."

"Doesn't he tell you that I offered to leave Dimchurch forever? I meant it. I saw the misery in the poor fellow's face when Grosse and I were leading Lucilla out of the room. With my whole heart I meant it. If he had taken my hand, and had said Good-by, I should have gone. He wouldn't take my hand. He insisted on thinking it over by himself. He came back resolved to make the sacrifice on his side—"

"Why did you accept the sacrifice?"

"Because he tempted me."

"Tempted you?"

"Yes. What else can you call it, when he offered to leave me free to plead my own cause with Lucilla? What else can you call it, when he showed me a future life, which was a life with Lucilla? Poor, dear, generous fellow, he tempted me to stay when he ought to have encouraged me to go. How could I resist him? Blame the passion that has got me body and soul: don't blame *me!*"

I looked at the book on the table—the book that he had been reading when I entered the room. These sophistical confidences of his were nothing but Rousseau at second hand. Good! If he talked false Rousseau, nothing was left for me but to talk genuine Pratolungo. I let myself go—I was just in the humor for it.

"How can a clever man like you impose on yourself in that way?" I said. "Your future with Lucilla! You have no future with Lucilla which is not shocking to think of. Suppose—you shall never do it as long as I live—suppose you married her? Good Heavens! what a miserable life it would be for both of you! You love your brother. Do you think you could ever really know a moment's peace, with one reflection perpetually forcing itself on your mind? 'I have cheated Oscar out of the woman whom he loved; I have wasted his life; I have broken his heart.' You couldn't look at her, you couldn't speak to her, you couldn't touch her, without feeling it all imbittered by that horrible reproach. And she? What sort of wife would she make you when she knew how you had got her? I don't know which of the two she would hate most—you or herself. Not a man would pass her in the street who would not rouse the thought in her, 'I wonder whether *he* has ever done any thing as base as what my husband has done.' Not a married woman of her acquaintance but would make her sick at heart with envy and regret. 'Whatever faults he may have, your husband hasn't won you as my husband won me.' You happy? Your married life endurable? Come! I have saved a few pounds since I have been with Lucilla: I will lay you every farthing I possess you two would be separated by mutual consent before you had been six months man and wife. *Now* which will you do—will you start for the Continent or stay here? Will you bring Oscar back, like an honorable man, or let him go, and disgrace yourself forever?"

His eyes sparkled; his color rose. He sprang to his feet, and unlocked the door. What was he going to do? To start for the Continent, or to turn me out of the house?

He called to the servant.

"James!"

"Yes, Sir?"

"Make the house fast when Madame Pratolungo and I have left it. I am not coming back again."

"Sir!"

"Pack my portmanteau, and send it after me to-morrow, to Nagle's Hotel, London."

He closed the door again and came back to me.

"You refused to take my hand when you came in," he said. "Will you take it now? I leave Browndown when you leave it; and I won't come back again till I bring Oscar with me."

"Both hands!" I exclaimed—and took him by both hands. I could say nothing more. I could only wonder whether I was waking or sleeping; fit to be put into an asylum, or fit to go at large?

"Come!" he said. "I will see you as far as the rectory gate."

"You can't go to-night," I answered. "The last train has left hours since."

"I can. I can walk to Brighton, and get a bed there, and leave for London to-morrow morning. Nothing will induce me to pass another night at Browndown. Stop! One question before I put the lamp out."

"What is it?"

"Did you do any thing toward tracing Oscar when you were in London to-day?"

"I went to a lawyer, and made what arrangements with him I could."

"Here is my pocket-book. Write me down his name and address."

I wrote them. He extinguished the lamp, and led me into the passage. The servant was standing there, bewildered. "Good-night, James. I am going to bring your master back to Browndown." With that explanation, he took up his hat and stick, and gave me his arm. The moment after, we were out in the dark valley, on our way to the village.

On the walk back to the rectory he talked with a feverish volubility and excitement. Avoiding the slightest reference to the subject discussed at our strange and stormy interview, he returned, with tenfold confidence in himself, to his old boastful assertion of the great things he was going to do as a painter. The mission which called him to reconcile Humanity and Nature; the superb scale on which he proposed to interpret sympathetic scenery for the benefit of suffering mankind; the prime necessity of understanding him, not as a mere painter, but as Grand Consoler in Art—I had it all over again, by way of satisfying my mind as to his prospects and occupations in his future life. It was only when we stopped at the rectory gate that he referred to what had passed between us—and even then he only touched on the subject in the briefest possible way.

"Well?" he said. "Have I won back your old regard for me? Do you believe there is a fine side to be found in the nature of Nugent Dubourg? Man is a compound animal. You are a woman in ten thousand. Give me a kiss."

He kissed me, foreign fashion, on both cheeks.

"Now for Oscar!" he shouted, cheerfully. He waved his hat, and disappeared in the darkness. I stood at the gate till the last rapid pitpat of his feet died away in the silence of the night.

An indescribable depression seized on my spirits. I began to doubt him again the instant I was alone.

"Is there a time coming," I asked myself, "when all that I have done to-night must be done over again?"

I opened the rectory gate. Mr. Finch intercepted me before I could get round to our side of the house. He held up before me, in solemn triumph, a manuscript of many pages.

"My Letter," he said. "A letter of Christian remonstrance to Nugent Dubourg."

"Nugent Dubourg has left Dimchurch."

With that reply, I told the rector in as few words as possible how my visit to Browndown had ended.

Mr. Finch looked at his letter. All those pages of eloquence written for nothing? No! In the nature of things *that* could not possibly be. "You have done very well, Madame Pratolungo," he remarked, in his most patronizing manner. "Very well indeed, all things considered. *But*, I don't think I shall act wisely if I destroy this." He carefully locked up his manuscript, and turned to me again with a mysterious smile. "I venture to think," said Mr. Finch, with mock-humility, "My Letter will be wanted. Don't let me discourage you about Nugent Dubourg. Only let me say: Is he to be trusted?"

It was said by a fool: it would never have been said at all if he had not written his wonderful letter. Still it echoed with a painful fidelity the misgiving secretly present at that moment in my own mind; and, more yet, it echoed the misgiving in Nugent's mind—the doubt of himself which his own lips had confessed to me in so many words. I wished the rector good-night, and went up stairs.

Lucilla was in bed and asleep when I softly opened her door.

After looking for a while at her lovely, peaceful face, I was obliged to turn away. It was time I left the bedside, when the sight of her only made my spirits sink lower and lower. As I cast my last look at her before I closed the door, Mr. Finch's ominous question forced itself on me again. In spite of myself, I said to myself,

"Is he to be trusted?"

TAILLESS TROUT IN SCOTLAND.

AT the late meeting of the British Association some so-called tailless trout were exhibited, which were said to occur in considerable numbers in a certain loch in Scotland, about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and about one acre in extent. It is so shallow that a man can wade through it, and has a stony bottom, with a few weeds. Although surrounded by other lochs, the tailless trout were found exclusively in the one in question. The precise nature of the mutilation was not given.

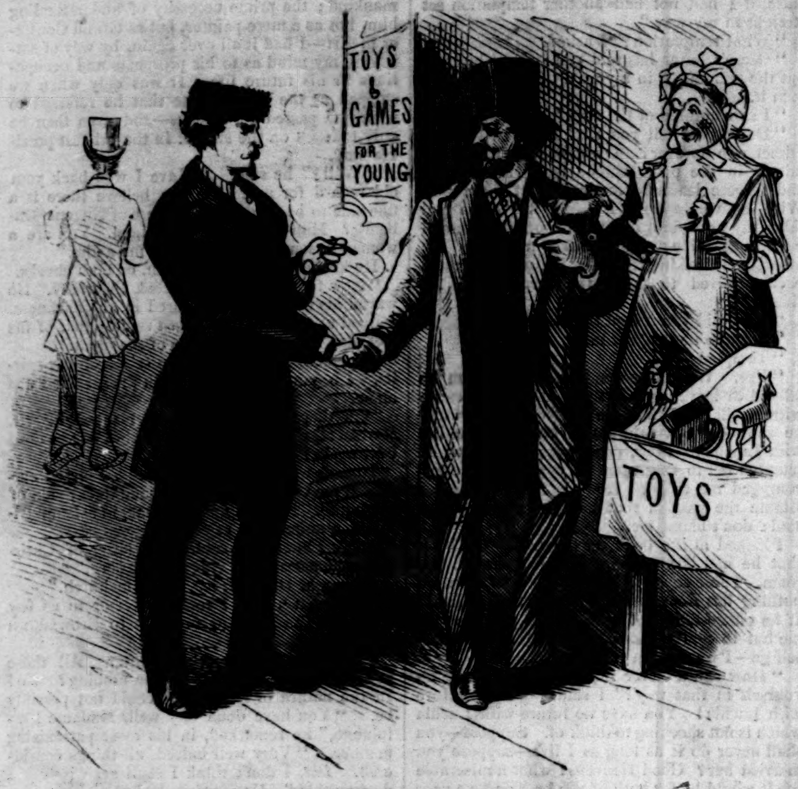
It was stated in the discussion which ensued upon the exhibition of this specimen that in other localities in Great Britain there were streams in which trout without tails, and sometimes without other fins, were not uncommon.

MAKING SHOES.

AT the North, particularly in Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, where the Storm King rains, snows, thaws, or freezes a considerable portion of the year, the inhabitants naturally keep a vigilant look-out for their toes against forever-advancing Jack Frost, who is no respecter of persons. The inventive faculty of many active brains naturally runs upon shoes, and consequently they are frequently bringing out new devices for keeping feet dry and warm, and putting leather into forms that neither rip, leak, nor wear out till the purchaser is out of sight.

Sewing by hand is an exploded idea in a town in which thirty thousand boots are manufactured in a single week. Of course those are designed for distant markets. Pegging has had its day, because they shrink in dry weather and drop out, leaving holes for wandering water to run in. But a desideratum has been achieved which puts all former devices for keeping soles and upper-leathers in contact. Neither waxed thread, wooden pins, iron nails, nor copper brads are employed. That is not all that is curious about the matter. A machine, small, compact, and strong, works automatically, as though it had an eye to business that would shame city officials—making shoes about as rapidly as a government employé steals from the public crib.

Instead of any former kind of fastener, the whole is doweled together with leather dowels. Sole-leather is rolled between huge cylinders till it is as compact as wood. Strips are then tucked into a hopper. From thence it is paid out, by either a crank or steam, cut into the shape of pegs, and at the same instant driven through all opposition, thus clinching every thing through which it passes. The sole of the shoe is perfectly flexible, the leather pins swell and hold on like a detective to a pickpocket. That is all, and the work, theoretically, will last forever.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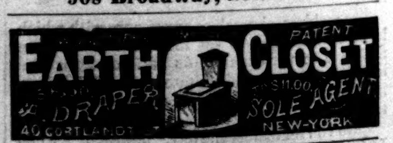

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